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SEPTEMBER 1, 1972

THE NEW
ISCRIMINATION
—see page 951

NATIONAL REVIEW

RICHARD NIXON AND THE GOP

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Said the boy after he had raped his teacher:

"Didn't she spend the whole year telling us how to do it, when to do it, and how much fun it would be?"

"Now that I look back on it all, I guess it is a bit stupid . . . it's only natural that they should get ideas," moans the young sex education teacher.

The occasion: exam time. Twenty male students of the sex education class assemble for their finals. But the 24-year-old schoolmarm never gets to give the exam. "I didn't know what to do. There they were, coming at me, naked, excited. . ."

All 20 of her students had taken their exams—on her.

Explained one of the rapists: "Didn't she spend the whole year telling us how to do it, when to do it, and how much fun it would be?"

Meanwhile, sex educationists work their programs, often underhandedly, into thousands of American classrooms every year—from high school all the way down to kindergarten.

Gloria Lentz, mother of three grade-school children, once thought that "family living" programs (a common euphemism for sex education) would be beneficial. After all, she reflected, "It would be nice to stress the family in a period when so many families have little time to grow grass roots. . . . Children [need] to know more about the values of family life."

And so Mrs. Lentz, then a reporter for the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin,* went to work digging up the facts for a series about "family living." What she unearthed terrified her. Her articles sounded the alarm. But the paper turned them down flat.

Undaunted, she expanded the material. The result is this book—a frank account of the corruption of innocent children.

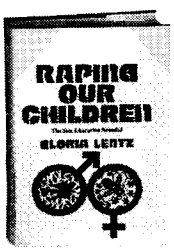
This is not fare for the children's hour. She spares no fact—no matter how lurid. She names names, regardless of rank. She spells out how sex education and its handmaiden, sensitivity training, are debasing helpless schoolchildren—and adults.

With a mountain of documentation, Mrs. Lentz reveals how the cancer got started; who the sex-pushers are; what is going on behind the closed doors of the little red schoolhouse; the shocking SIECUS philosophy; how the disease is spreading to private and parochial schools; how Hitlerian tactics are being used against defenseless children—and naive parents; how sex education is rending the moral fabric of our country.

Mrs. Lentz spotlights a host of horror stories:

- √ One youngster hides in his parents' bedroom "to see if it is true."
- √ A 12-year-old, fresh from his sex instruction class, practices on his 4-year-old sister.
- √ First-graders try their hand at sex.
- √ A teenager writes an article endorsing abortion and detailing the approved methods—complete with phone numbers of the local abortionists.

With this book Gloria Lentz, a brave mother and a thorough reporter, tears away the veil and exposes the sex-pushers.



The truth about the sex-pushers

- What sex educationists are careful not to tell parents.
- Theme for social studies class: "Prostitution, homosexuality and bookmaking"— taught by a prostitute.
- "Sensitivity," the new game for $10.00 ("not recommended for persons under seventeen").
- Sex education films—stag films for juveniles?
- The strange political bedfellows of SIECUS (Sex Information and Education Council of the United States).
- Six terrifying points in the SIECUS philosophy.
- School board candidate stands against sex education—and his family gets threats.
- What many teachers **privately** feel about sex instruction.
- Character assassination: handy weapon when a mother objects to the school's sex program.
- Sex education and premarital pregnancies: there is a connection.
- Dr. William A. Marra's valiant attack on the sex-pushers.
- Gutter methods of many who conduct sensitivity training sessions.
- How sex programs stimulate pupils: shocking examples.
- Why some sex educationists encourage masturbation.
- Two parents challenge sex education—and their 10-year-old son is beaten to a pulp.
- The role of HEW in funding sex programs.
- **A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English**—or: everything you don't want your child to know about four-letter words.
- How sex education is corroding organized religion.
- "Games" children are playing in school—and not on the playground.
- How to start a sex program without calling it sex education.
- The church with its own sex program: starting with 3-year-olds, no question is left unanswered.
- Why PTAs are endorsing sex programs.
- Participants at their first encounter session leave their marriage partners the next day. The instructor laughs.
- Tactics of sex educationists: shades of Nazism?
- Do our children really need sex instruction **in school?**
- Female schoolteacher appears nude and masturbates in sex education film—and the Liberals defend her.
- Communist influence in sex education (the **New York Times** notwithstanding).
- The goings-on at sensitivity training classes: now Gloria Lentz reveals the unspeakable.
- School administrator threatens reprisal if teacher tells the truth about sex instruction.
- Illiberal attitudes of Liberal sex educationists.
- The pornographic content of "respectable" sex education materials, complete with how-to instructions.
- The maiming effects of sex programs and encounter sessions on children—and adults.
- A Ford in everyone's future? Ford Foundation backs sensitivity training at all school levels.
- The invisible arm of SIECUS.
- Dr. Mary Calderone's highhanded attitude about parents—and the Bible.
- Sex education vocabulary that kindergartners must learn.
- Avowed goals of the sex educationists.
- The link between sex instruction and sex crimes.
- Is your child really safe from the sex-pushers in that Christian school?
- Strange omission of **husband** and **wife** from many sex manuals.
- How to trample on the rights of parents—and get away with it.
- Tips on how concerned parents can fight sex programs.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 34 SEPTEMBER 1, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we present a few tablets out of the recent past of the Republican Party and Richard Nixon. Their function is to remind us of what is so easily forgotten: yesterday's political rhetoric. It pays to study where you are going, and this is most lucidly done by studying where you have been. This issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be on sale in Miami when the delegates arrive there. . . . We had not heard from Professor **Russell Kirk** in quite some time. A recent letter tells us he has finished a "fat book," *The Roots of American Order*; seen his *Eliot and His Age* favorably reviewed all over the spectrum, from the *Progressive* to *Twin Circle*; had one of his ghost stories, "Sorworth Place," dramatized on Rod Serling's *Night Gallery*; joined the regular commentators on National Public Radio's weekly program *All Things Considered* and chatted an hour with President Nixon, whom he urged "in view of our present discontents" to read Eliot's *Notes Toward the Definition of Culture*. Professor Kirk is now wandering in Scotland, planning three new books: an intellectual autobiography, a baroque romance and a volume of tales for his three little daughters. . . . When we decided to set the theme of this issue with a needlepoint cover (without realizing how much work that would involve), we called on **Lynn Harpell**, a New York free-lance artist. She dropped everything and worked long hours to complete the piece, which would look nice on anybody's wall. —CHS

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ESCAPE

DID YOU KNOW there is a small town only 15 minutes from hideous Times Square that boasts a lower crime rate than most rural areas?

. . . or that secret sanctuaries dot the map of the U.S., located in breathtakingly beautiful surroundings — where even the local boosters have clammed up because they don't want to attract outsiders?

Do you know where to find an uncluttered beach 113 miles long, and a land so rich it grows four crops a year? Or the name of the only town near L.A. with a low crime rate?

Do you know the Nevada town where gambling is prohibited? Or the beautiful town in Hiawatha country with three colleges, a 238-bed hospital, a $5 million high school?

May we tell you where to find a prosperous Dixie suburb — fully integrated and crime free . . . a gracious town founded by tax reformers, and spiced with a French accent . . . a town that lowered its taxes last year . . . and a college town where the hottest issue is dancing on campus?

Would you like directions to Edna St. Vincent Millay's unspoiled hometown, where you can ski, sail, and pick strawberries . . . or the town that Arnold Toynbee fell in love with?

May we give you the name of the town with the purest air in the country . . . where you pay $25,000 for a large, modern home, and $6.50 for a doctor's office visit?

All of these surprising paradises are just as real as the crime rates of New York, Washington and San Francisco. They are described in the brand new 938-page guidebook, SAFE PLACES — the first and only directory of the safest communities in the United States.

46 Safe Places to Live In!

Tired of fortress-like apartments? Terrified of dark streets? Leery of your children's schools? Worried about pollution? Weary of brutal taxes? *if you don't like it here, MOVE . . . while you still can!*

But where would you go? Where can you find a really nice place to live that is still safe — and likely to remain so? Where, in America, has the American dream not turned into a nightmare?

Journalists David and Holly Franke found 46 of them. All different. They have proved: *it's not too late!*

These 46 communities were discovered by a canny husband-wife team who knew just what to look for — and what to *look out* for. They traveled more than 20,000 miles in search of towns where the living is still good . . . where folks take walks at night without first making out their wills.

"Swell," you say, "but can I live there?"

To help you decide which of these communities is the right one for you, the authors knocked on doors in every town. They interviewed mayors and police chiefs. They spoke to housewives, students, retirees, farmers, factory workers, businessmen. They plowed through hundreds of newspapers and documents. They sifted fact from fiction, reality from wishful thinking, saving you months — even years — of beating the bushes for a Safe Place of your own. The authoritative information they uncovered — warts and all — is carefully organized to help you make up your mind before you call the moving man and make your escape. It makes fascinating and valuable reading. In *Safe Places*, for instance, you are told, without whitewash or balderdash, just what you can expect:

Standards of living. Want a cheap and charming old town? An outdoor sports-oriented community? A frankly opulent country-club life? You will find them all — plus much more — in *Safe Places.*

Jobs and pay scales. Afraid of pulling up stakes and starting all over again? *Safe Places* reveals surprising opportunities for executives, professionals, salesmen, blue-collar workers. Even part-timers.

Crime rate. Thorough as an FBI report, *Safe Places* gives you the details for all 46 towns in seven crime categories, from murder to auto thefts. Includes any potential problems with drugs, hippies, etc.

Real estate. Houses, apartments, farms, ranches, trailer parks. Building lots. Prices and mortgages. Even fuel bills.

Taxes. Present levies and possible hikes.

Medical facilities. Doctors, dentists, pharmacies, specialists, nursing care. Necessary if you take sick. Priceless if you are a physician. (Medical bonus: the ultra-modern research facilities in many tiny communities.)

Education. Public, private and parochial schools. Colleges. Extension courses. (Idea: Use *Safe Places* as a practical supplement to fanciful college catalogs.)

In the 938 pages of *Safe Places,* you find much more. You learn about government services and utilities, including garbage collections and water supplies . . . shopping and restaurants . . . places of worship . . . transportation . . . ethnic mix . . . entertainment, recreation, sports . . . cultural activities and fraternal groups . . . local politics . . . climate . . . environment.

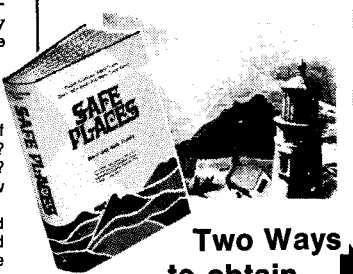
Paradox: This Book Actually Gives You HOPE for America's Future

Nothing has been left to chance in the first book to give people like yourself a treasure map to the REAL America:

- retiring couples who want to spend the golden years in peace
- young families in search of good schools and clean air
- Americans of all ages in search of a real home

If you fit any of these categories, *Safe Places* is indispensable. As a *different* travel guide to the U.S.A., it stands alone. Over 400 photos, drawings and maps season its quarter of a million words so you can linger over the most beautiful as well as the safest spots from coast to coast: The hidden beauty spots along the Atlantic seaboard. Dynamic and delightful communities of the Old South. The tranquil surprises waiting for you in the Midwest. The unpublicized havens on the Gulf. The magnificent vistas of the Great West. Winter sports centers and desert oases. The best towns along the Pacific Coast.

Safe Places is designed for workhorse glove-compartment use — or as an easy-chair planning book. Either way, if it does not please you, return it within 30 days for a full money refund. No questions asked. The price is only $13.95. Little enough when you remember that this will be the most important move of your life . . . when you consider all the wasted motion — and expense — it will save you. Little enough when you see the 400-plus pictures and charts . . . the 938 pages. And nothing at all when you consider that *Safe Places* is the *only* book that can lead you to a new, wonderful life! Pick up a copy at your bookstore, or mail for a 30-day risk-free examination to Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.



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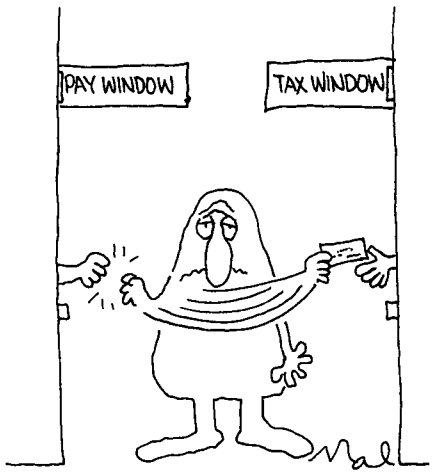
FOR THE RECORD

■ Better left unsaid: **George McGovern** to a UAW local in Lordstown, Ohio, commenting on the "Watergate Affair" (the attempted bugging of the Democratic National Committee), the incident "is the kind of thing you expect under a person like **Hitler** . . . [and I intend] to ask brother **Nixon** about it." . . . McGovern campaign aide **Gary Hart**: "Women don't have the experience or the ability to organize. . . . Do you lower your standards in the midst of a campaign like in the midst of brain surgery to try and equalize social ills?" . . . **Ramsey Clark**, trying to answer a sharp question by **Rita Hauser**, co-chairman of the Committee To Re-Elect the President and former U.S. delegate to the UN: "You don't learn everything in that big glass building on 42nd St." (There go the World Federalists—and anyway it's the wrong address.)

■ Actions they're learning to regret: Those pro-Arab, anti-Israeli ads that **Rick Stearns**, then student bigwig, now the McGovern campaign director in the West, took in a number of newspapers back in 1967. . . . This year's National Student Association Conference at Catholic University in Washington had wide spectrum of speakers: Dr. **George Wiley** of National Welfare Rights Organization, Congressman **Ronald Dellums**, Sens. **Eagleton** and **Harris**, **Ralph Nader**, **Tom Hayden** and **Gloria Steinem**.

■ Backpedaling continues—away from the national ticket that is. . . . Sens. **Hollings** (S.C.) and **Bentsen** (Tex.), heads of Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, hope to raise $1 million this year for congressional races, indicate they won't tie in their fund-raising to McGovern-**Shriver** efforts—in hopes of getting $$$$ from wealthy Democrats who won't support McGovern. . . . Columnist **Marianne**



Means says only ten of the 23 Democrats in the Senate or running for the Senate this year will endorse McGovern. . . . Former Gov. **John McKeithen** of Louisiana, running for the Senate, says he'll run as independent, that he might have switched to the Republican Party had it been legally possible to do so. . . . And two makes three: Former Mississippi Govs. **Ross Barnett** and **Paul Johnson** have joined **John Bell Williams**; announced they'll vote for Nixon in November. . . . **Charles Snider**, **George Wallace**'s campaign manager, says he will vote for Nixon, because, he says, McGovern "is trying to buy his way to the Presidency using the U.S. Treasury."

■ Algerian authorities apparently angered by statements emanating from **Eldridge Cleaver**'s **Black Panther International**, raided his villa last week, threw armed guards around it for 48 hours, cut off its phone. Cleaver is demanding that **Boumédienne**'s government turn over to him the $1 million in ransom Delta paid five Panther skyjackers. . . . Switzerland, unhappy with its fugitive from justice, Dr. **Timothy Leary**, has ordered him to leave by Oct. 31. . . . Mrs. **Indira Gandhi** of the Third World has decreed that Ugandan Asians holding British passports (now threatened with expulsion within ninety days) will, hereafter, need visas to visit India. . . . Foreign Minister **Adam Malik** says there's some doubt Indonesia will attend next year's conference of unaligned nations in Algiers. **Indonesia**, **Malaysia** and **Laos** walked out of this year's conference in Guyana when it voted to seat the Vietcong and Prince Sihanouk's Cambodian government-in-Peking.

■ If there isn't a law to prohibit doing what **Jane Fonda** did in Hanoi there should be one, said Rep. **Richard Ichord**, Chairman of House Internal Security Committee last week, and asked Justice Department to make recommendations. . . . When La Fonda arrived in Los Angeles for the premiere of her FTA show (Free the Army) she was greeted by fifty **YAF**-ers, mit banners ("Jane's a Pain," "Fonda for the North, Freedom for the South" etc.). . . . *Pravda* reports that **Angela Davis** has rejected an open appeal by exiled Czech leader **Jiri Pelikan**, urging her to intervene in current trials of **Dubcek** followers in Czechoslovakia. . . . **Rodger McAfee**, the California farmer who put up bail for Angela Davis, reports he's broke, needs a job. He's lost a lot of cattle through a combination of drought and poison. . . . **ACLU** is filing suit in Los Angeles on behalf of two women who were told they couldn't register to vote because they used Ms. instead of Mrs. or Miss on grounds that this was a violation of equal protection clause: Men are not required to reveal their marital status.

■ **Bobby Fischer** on why he likes the location of the present world chess championships: Last time he played in Russia, he says, room service kept on calling him at three in the morning to ask if there wasn't something he wanted.

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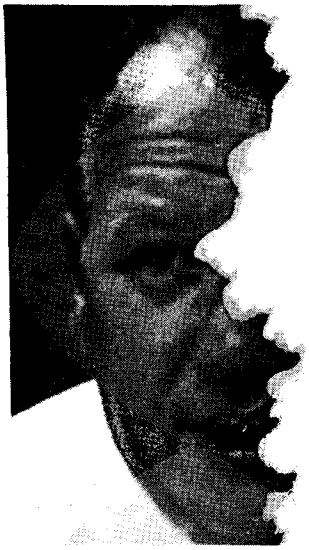

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As a matter of fact, it's only a few bucks that I want to talk to you about. I believe *you* will like and profit from **The Economy Report.** And I want to get you to try it for yourself right now. So, to make my offer absolutely irresistible, I'm offering you the next *three full months* of my unique and valuable service for just $2.98—less than a dollar a month—you can't beat a bargain like that! All you have to do is fill out the coupon below and return it, along with your check for a mere $2.98, in the envelope provided and I'll start sending **TER** immediately. See for yourself (or, as the ad says, "try it, you'll like it").

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In other words, what have you got to lose? $2.98? You'll receive twice that value with this trial offer alone! And if **TER** is even *half* as useful as I claim it is, you'll find it is worth *many times* what it costs. So do it right now, before you forget (we're *all* busy). Just fill in and return the handy coupon below. Do it now—you'll be glad you did!

Many thanks,

Donald I. Rogers

Editor

ABOUT *DONALD I. ROGERS*

Mr. Rogers is a highly-respected economic advisor, author (of a dozen books, with another due out next year), columnist and speaker. He gained national recognition as the Financial Editor of that great newspaper, The New York **Herald Tribune.** (In fact, Rogers was one of those who incurred John F. Kennedy's wrath—JFK threw the **Tribune** out of the White House—for his part in the news scoop of the famous Big Steel price rollback. His latest best-seller is "How to Beat Inflation by Using It" and he has just published "How NOT to Buy a Common Stock," which explains how to invest your money while avoiding costly (yet **common**) mistakes. Mr. Rogers brings to **The Economy Report** more than three decades of intimate on-the-job experience with the fast-changing world of finance.

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LETTERS

Democrats and Democracy

The Democratic National Convention, as James Jackson Kilpatrick pointed out ["Through the Hibiscus, Dimly," Aug. 4], deserves special scrutiny because of its novelty of procedure and its asserted moral rectitude.

I should like to question the proclaimed "openness" of the Convention—a claim made by many speakers from the podium and the floor. As a standard against which to evaluate the proceedings, I suggest a look at Rousseau's *Social Contract*: "If, when the people, sufficiently informed, deliberated, there was to be no communication among them, from the grand total of trifling differences the general will would always result, and their resolutions be always good. But when cabals and partial associations are formed at the expense of the great association, the will of each such association, though *general* with regard to its members, is *private* with regard to the state: It can then be said no longer that there are as many voters as men, but only as many as there are associations." In other words, each individual is to search his own mind and listen, quietly, to the voice of reason.

No one would expect a modern political assembly accurately to follow Rousseau's prescriptions or to speak the ambiguous language of the "general will." But these days we hear so much rhetoric invoking the name of The People that one cannot avoid a mental association with a New England town meeting. Instead of that, the Democratic Convention was marked by its iron discipline. There were of course a few uncommitted delegates, but their number was reduced even further after the California credentials decision. Few delegates went to the Convention in order to hear the arguments and then come to a decision on that basis. As we all know, the Convention was very slow, very deliberate. But deliberative? I think not. To take one example from the many possible, how could an utterly obscure figure be so easily nominated for the Vice Presidency of the United States ("a mere heartbeat away")? The short answer is organization and management. What at one time was deplored as closedness and bossism now passes itself off as openness and statesmanlike leadership. Language, if nothing else, suffers abuse in the process.

Therefore, as Mr. Kilpatrick says, "openness" could only refer to the composition of the delegate body. We saw far larger groups of women, blacks, Chicanos and "young people." This leads to my final observation, on the frightful politicization of American life. Our politics has always had a pungent ethnic flavor, but never before has that flavor had such predominance. In the past two decades the matter of race has properly been a major concern, but with a view to its being "transcended," in the German sense of "preserved but overcome." Instead of that, race has been re-elevated into a central political fact. Not just one's sex but also one's sexual proclivities have come to be of decisive political, and therefore public, relevance. Somewhere along the way the individual, with his peculiar universe of needs and interests, has disappeared beneath the tribalization of society.

What Rousseau wanted was to remove the invidious pre-Revolutionary distinctions of a thoroughly stratified society and to substitute for that the single status of Citizen. He would not have found Miami Beach very democratic.

Washington, Pa. JOHN W. MCDONALD JR.

Confused Kathleen

I have just gotten to Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column entitled "Kathleen Kennedy at Bat" ["On the Right," July 7], and I wonder if he also noted her comment on abortion quoted in the *New York Times* of June 8. It is masterfully maladroit, reminiscent of Kreuttner cartoons. Here it is: "Politically I have confusion about abortion and family limitation, although I am not confused as an individual person."

One ought to ask Kathleen whether it is as a political, or individual, person that she is campaigning for George McGovern, just to make sure she's not confused, individually or politically, about that.

Piscataway, N.J. DOUGLAS STERNER

I found Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column on the sparkling political comments of Kathleen Kennedy amusing and, I must say, frightening. For Miss Kennedy appears to me to be typical of that portion of American youth which displays a religiously blunt and unquestioning adherence to whatever liberal propaganda happens to be the fashion. Of course, those young conservatives who are conservative only because their elders tell them to be display the same unintellectuality.

As a recent college graduate (Colby '72) I can testify to the fact that education in this country—both public and private—is dominated by left-wing thought, which leads to a lack of educational freedom. Yes, lack of freedom; for I found out first hand that nothing but liberal views are tolerated by most college professors. When I wrote papers with a liberal interpretation I got good grades; when I wrote them with a conservative interpretation I got bad grades. "The pursuit of truth, free and unrestricted" was what they said college was all about—but they failed to add that the truth had better be leftist.

Long live self-education.

Concord, Mass. R. EDWARD CLEARY

Russian Bombs

The articles by Donald Brennan ["When the SALT Hit the Fan," June 23] and Edward Teller ["Should the Senate Ratify the SALT Accords?," July 7], plus the excellent follow-up letters [July 21], give the best picture of our precarious defense posture that I have yet seen. I think, though, that one more item should be mentioned.

As is now well-known, the Russians exploded fifty-plus megaton bombs above the atmosphere about a decade ago. This was done to develop an antimissile defense based on a gamma-ray or X-ray shield. However, the explosions blacked out their radar systems, leaving them vulnerable to manned bombers. Since then the Russians have concentrated on developing "dirty" bombs, which are highly radioactive. We, on the other hand, have concentrated on developing "clean" bombs.

Now the Galosh antimissile missile has a warhead of only one or two megatons. This, at first blush, would seem to be too small to produce the necessary X-ray shield for an area defense. But the question is: Have the Russians been able to develop a low-megaton bomb that is so "dirty" that it can create the X-ray shield? If so, they may have at the same time solved the radar problem caused by heavy-megatonnage bombs.

Woodside, N.Y. ANDREW J. MCCAULEY

The letter from Mr. Dean Fischbeck ["Letters," Aug. 4] contains 1) a logical error and 2) a degrading misstatement in regard to the state of Iowa, my ancient and honored home.

Mr. Fischbeck says: "Their [Russia's] 915,000 square miles could destroy everything east of the Mississippi plus Iowa."

I think there is a great deal east of the Mississippi that could be wounded by those Russian square miles, but Iowa, I beg to believe, is indestructible by Russian square miles, by Russians, or by those who theorize about such things in the letter columns of NATIONAL REVIEW.

ROBERT J. NEEDLES M.D.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Life with Zhenya

In re Max Geltman's "A Month in the Life of Yevtushenko" [June 9], my ex-

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perience with the Bard of Bolshevism might be of interest to *NR* readers. In 1966, I attended one of his poetry recitals, at Queens College, in New York. To an honest mind, of which there weren't too many in the audience, the experience was enough to shatter the hardiest of illusions. After reciting his Biggie (you know what that is!), he proceeded to lecture about America's foul role in Vietnam, then graduated to what he called the "War in Alabama" (seems there'd been some racial trouble that week). Then, just for comic relief, he offered the audience an open question-and-answer session. Early in this, someone had the effrontery to ask him how it was that he, who had reputedly challenged the Party Establishment, was touring the world on government programs, while Daniel and Sinyavsky had been sent to prison. Zhenya had been well-primed for that one. His response was a ten-minute tirade in which he stated that being asked such a question on a mission of peace and friendship was like being invited to dinner at the house of an assumed friend, and finding a dead rat served on one's plate. (That is almost exactly how he phrased it; the years have not erased the memory.) He then concluded by informing the questioner that "your mother raised you badly." And can you guess what the two thousand sycophants in the audience did? That's right—they clapped and clapped and clapped.

Westmoreland, N.Y. WILLIAM M. MARCEAU

Stalemate

I must take issue with a remark in "For the Record" [July 21]. You point to Boris Spassky's having considerable assistance from grand masters and psychologists in his match with Bobby Fischer as evidence of "unfair" practice on the part of the Russians.

As an active participant in U.S. chess, I think I can shed some light on this issue. Bobby Fischer is indeed "all by himself" in this match. However, this is *exactly* what Fischer himself wants. Fischer considers himself to be far and away the greatest player in the world and really believes that the remarks of other grand masters on the subject of chess are of little use to him. Consider for example the fact that a few years back he did allow Larry Evans (international grand master and former U.S. champion) to act as a second for him. Evans' task was to read Batman comic books to Bobby, an honor which Evans quickly declined.

Now it may indeed be true that the Soviets have acted unfairly in international chess. But for the sake of fairness and accuracy we must distinguish between Spassky personally and the Soviet Union. You would have done better to point to such facts as the mysterious disappearance of Boris Spassky from the international chess scene (for a period of a little over a year) after he publicly criticized the

(Continues on page 966)

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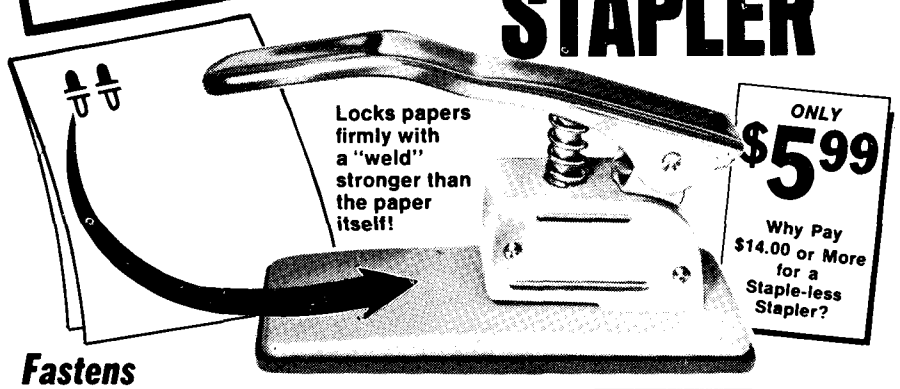

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THE WEEK

■ Another Great Leap Forward has been recorded by the Democratic delegate of female persuasion who addressed the chair as "Madame Chairperson." But it makes us wonder what kind of she-it they'll think of next.

■ "Announcing: Democrats for Nixon," says the *New York Times* full-page ad. "We're not leaving the party. But we can't support Senator McGovern." The ad goes on to tell of the havoc McGovern would work both at home and abroad, using, to nice advantage, quotes from Humphrey, Muskie and Jackson when they were campaigning against Honest George. Humphrey tells how McGovern would "threaten the very security of our country"; Jackson says the contender "has become the spokesman of some of the most dangerous and destructive currents in American politics"; Muskie warns "McGovern's positions on many of the issues are unacceptable to a large portion of our people." . . . Then there's Concerned Citizens for the Re-Election of the President —soon their full-pagers will probably be appearing in the *Times* and *Washington Post*. Poor George—the crunch is just beginning.

■ See how the dovecote has grown. A year ago, the Mansfield Amendment calling for withdrawal from Vietnam passed the Senate with the aid of five Republican votes: those of Sens. Brooke (Mass.), Hatfield (Ore.), Mathias (Md.), Percy (Ill.) and Schweiker (Pa.). That was the hard-core dove vote. A few weeks ago, on the Brooke bugout resolution, six more Republicans joined the anti-Administration forces: Case (N.J.), Cook (Ky.), Javits (N.Y.), Pearson (Kan.) and Stafford (Vt.).

■ VOICES OF MODERATION (from the *Chicago Tribune*):

Racism Explained

When, in South Africa, the plans
Envision further Bantustans,
The liberals vibrate their fans
And faint.

But when Uganda's Asians get
The boot, if not the bayonet,
You'd think they'd *really* get upset.
They ain't.

W. H. VON DREELE

"President Nixon's proposal to limit the busing of school children is 'educational genocide' that would 'burn the last bridge out of the ghetto' for black children, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, Chairman of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, said today. Father Hesburgh, who also is president of Notre Dame University, claimed Nixon's Equal Educational Opportunities Act is 'a racially reactionary policy which will end inevitably in disaster for all.' "

■ A *New York Times* editorial (August 13) reports: "After rising at an annual rate of nearly 6 per cent in 1970 and the first half of 1971, the price index for the economy as a whole slowed to a 2.1 per cent rate in the second quarter of this year." Actually, the consumer price index rose at a 6.1 per cent rate in 1969, 5.5 per cent in 1970 and 3.8 per cent in the first half of 1971. President Nixon is therefore deviously correct in saying, "the rate of increase in the cost of living which had been cut by one-third before the freeze now has been cut in half." (That is, one-third of 6 per cent is a 2 per cent pre-freeze reduction, while one-half of 6 per cent is only 1 per cent more than had already been achieved.) But why do they compare the first *half* of 1971 with the second *quarter* of 1972? Answer: because in the *first* quarter of 1972 we experienced a 5.1 per cent inflation rate. And why talk only about consumer price indices when the wholesale price index is probably a better indicator of the future? Answer: because the wholesale index rose at a 6 per cent annual rate in May and June, and 8.4 per cent in July. Because of this, Herbert Stein, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, acknowledges that the consumer price index is likely to show "considerably more rapid increases" in July and August. It should be fascinating to see how the advocates of controls will juggle the figures around to explain away that bulge.

■ The Administration is trying to pressure the auto industry not to raise prices of 1973 models at all, even though the proposed increases are only enough to cover the cost of meeting federal emission-control and safety standards. Notwithstanding the convenient theory that big business causes inflation, the auto industry is an implausible scapegoat: From 1966 to 1971, new car prices rose only 13 per cent, while the price index rose 25 per cent and the price of services rose 37 per cent. It will take more than a few applications of discriminatory political pressure to divert attention from the government's responsibility for the coming inflation.

■ He strolled into the Pentagon, right into the supersecret Defense Intelligence Agency. Several times, using a homemade ID badge. He walked in and out of guarded offices at will, planted electronic bugging devices, snapped pictures, took away top-secret documents he found on desks, talked an employee into giving him classified information without an identity check, even switched on

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One of the nation's best polling organizations, which works exclusively for the Republican Party and wishes to remain anonymous, has two early readings on the 1972 electorate. Neither reading should please the GOP. The organization disputes the Harris poll findings that although McGovern is very strong among college voters, the President is quite strong among non-college youth. The GOP's organization finds that the ideologies and lifestyle—including the voting habits—of the college youth are being adopted rapidly by the non-student young. It also reports that in spite of the manifest and manifold weaknesses in the McGovern campaign, there are an unprecedented number of voters who are truly "undecided" at this point. This is bad news for the GOP because the Democratic campaign cannot help but get better in the coming weeks.

■ Remember the Democratic Convention way back in July? Remember the McGovern Commission's reform rules that required every delegation to conform to exact racial and sexual quotas? Well, that was *last* month. Now Reformer McGovern is Candidate McGovern and he wants his pipers to play another tune. Sargent Shriver, now principal piper, said in his acceptance speech: "We must achieve the day when no one will say, 'Look, there goes a white man' or, 'Look, there goes a black man' or, 'Look, there goes a rich man' or, 'There goes a poor man,' but just 'Look, there goes an American working for mankind in his community —in his country, around the world.' "

Remember John Kennedy, whose name Shriver has been known to praise, Kennedy the apostle of free trade? Well, times have changed. Protectionism is part of McGovern's isolationism: "Come home, America" also means "Stay home, Italian shoes." So Shriver is a convert to protectionism: "Tragedy falls upon a man when his plant closes, or his job is taken by a machine in Japan or an exporter of shoes from Italy. . . ."

Shriver's most revealing remarks concern the plight of labor. "We have recognized racial oppression, but not job oppression. One worker endures the killing monotony of the assembly lines; another works on top of coke ovens where the blocks are 180 degrees under his feet; another, hour after hour, sits in the fumes of the city bus he drives. . . . A young man of 35 or so, who entered the work force fifteen or twenty years ago, has never had a chance for a college education, for a clean-collar job. . . ." It is not clear whether Shriver wants to curse unemployment or praise it.

■ Notes from Miami: Hearings of the national security subcommittee of the Republican Platform Committee took place in the Fontainebleau Hotel's Bonaparte Room. If only it were appropriate. . . . The Convention Committee on Arrangements prepared a memorandum containing "helpful hints" for conventioneers. This memorandum, which was widely distributed and was available to everyone, had one paragraph on tipping: "Everyone in Miami always has his hand out." The next paragraph said: "Don't forget that you represent the Republican Party in everything you do in Miami. Have a good time, but be discreet." . . . GOP VIPs had to post a $200 deposit before collecting their Convention cars. The automobile manufacturers, who provide the cars, insisted on the deposit after last month's Democratic Convention. When the Democrats left town they "forgot" to return more than fifty cars. Most have been recovered, some as far away as Texas. Many were badly damaged. Others had accumulated thousands of dollars in traffic violations and impoundment fees. Six cars are still missing, including three Lincoln Continentals. . . . The staff of the Republican National Committee has been instructed not to refer to demonstrators as "freaks" or even as demonstrators. The approved designation is "non-delegate." . . . A sample of Convention wit: Col. Sanders has a new offering of his "finger lickin' good" Kentucky Fried Chicken. It is called a "McGovern Bucket" and contains only left wings.

■ One of Washington's resident comedians (a real nightclub comedian, not one of the grim humorists on the fourth floor of the Executive Office Building, where the U.S. positions on strategic arms limitation are cooked up) has figured out the meaning of the environmental agreement the President signed with the Soviet Union in Moscow: "If the Russians attack us with ICBMs, they have to use unleaded fuel."

—CATO

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the Agency's computer and interrogated it. Happily, he was not a Soviet agent but an Army intelligence officer assigned to check security at DIA. The DIA and Defense Department have clammed up—about the "spy," at least.

■ The Dow Chemical Company filed suit in Detroit to stop payment of unemployment benefits to its striking employees. In many states, strikers have been declared eligible for food stamps, general assistance, medical assistance and Aid to Families with Dependent Children, not to mention unemployment payments. Strikes are thus subsidized by the taxpaying public; the result is serious imbalance in the whole process of collective extortion.

■ The GOP has a good chance of picking up a Senate seat in North Carolina, where conservative Republican Jesse Helms is battling liberal Democrat Nick Galifianakis. Helms was editorial chairman of a Raleigh TV station for twelve years, during which time his articulate conservative opinions brought him statewide recognition and an enthusiastic following. Polls show him leading the race as he hammers away at busing, rising taxes and deficit spending. Galifianakis, a three-term congressman, has voted for every spending bill in sight but is backtracking fast from his earlier support of George McGovern, whom he supports, he says, "1,000 per cent."

■ The Soviets need some of our grain and advanced technological equipment. To pay for it, they want huge export-import bank credits at special low rates. The Americans would like at least partial repayment of Moscow's World War II lend-lease debt before granting more credit. We already export twice as much to the USSR as we import, and most of the Russian goods we might want don't face high tariffs. In its eagerness to reach an accord

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on Soviet-American trade, the Administration must not lose sight of the fact that the whole idea of trade implies a mutually beneficial exchange.

■ A recent poll by NHK, the Japanese Broadcast Corporation, tested attitudes toward Taiwan and Peking. It turned out that 47 per cent of the Japanese oppose severing relations with Taiwan as a price for relations with Peking, and only 27 per cent favor an early normalization of relations with Red China. The results haven't been released in Japan. NHK is government-controlled and the gov, it is known, is hot to trot with Mao.

■ As Britain's crime rate rises, judges are under increasing pressure to strengthen the prosecution's hand. Proposed changes include easing the ban against confessions and allowing a defendant's past record to be used against him. The prestigious Criminal Law Revision Committee "completely disagrees" with the idea that "the defense has a sacred right to the benefit of everything in the law which may give it a chance of acquittal . . . however strong the case is against it."

■ This year's Olympic spectacle has nothing to do with athletics. Ethiopia, Egypt, Ghana, Liberia and Sudan have announced they will withdraw from the Munich games if Rhodesia is allowed to compete. So far, the International Olympic Committee is sticking by its admission of Rhodesia, but the African countries continue applying pressure: Kenya is threatening withdrawal, and Uganda's President, General Idi Amin, told his country's athletes they must return home if the racist Rhodesians are allowed to sully the Olympics. Amin then got back to the job of kicking Asians out of his country.

■ Summing up the Eagleton flap, columnist Garry Wills writes: "Senator McGovern is giving sanctity a bad name. While he blessed the crowds with his right hand, his left one was holding Eagleton's head under water until the thrashing stopped. We'll all know we're in trouble if he should be elected and take his oath of office by saying he supports the Constitution 1,000 per cent."

■ Ayn Rand has published an ad in the *New York Times* (August 13) which criticizes, correctly, George McGovern's notion that the poor have a moral "right" to the product of someone else's efforts. Many conservatives would qualify this by allowing social communities to get together to alleviate distress (or to clean up any other mutually offensive situation), and agree to split the cost on some mandatory basis. (But then Miss Rand regards conservatives as "statists.") Miss Rand feels the moral issue is the "only relevant question," and she chastises those who criticize McGovern "on the grounds of his faulty figures." But McGovern's program will *not* tax the rich and give to the poor, but will increase the taxes of both the rich and the poor (see "Two and Two Are One," *NR*, August 4). The supposedly irrelevant question of economic efficacy thus renders the moral objection to redistribution superfluous, and it should make McGovern unacceptable even to those who accept his faulty moral premises.

■ Samuel Lubell, author and pollster, has been taking his soundings again this year: "My interviews show that it was the President's Haiphong action, and the Russian inaction, that started the big swing of Democrats and Northern Wallaceites to Nixon. . . . High praise of Harry Truman began to pepper my notes. What people liked, it turned out, was that 'he had the courage to drop the big bomb on those Orientals.'" (*Herald Traveler and Boston Record American*, Aug. 15.)

■ Eagle *who*?

Nixon-Agnew in 1972

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW prefer the re-election of Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew next November.

Faute de mieux?

This is not the season to be churlish. Not exactly the season to be jolly, either. The advent of McGovern and, worse, McGovernism, while tactically comforting to the cause of Nixon's re-election, is strategically disquieting for the future of the Republic. The fact of a major party's accepting McGovernism, wherein is implicit an indifference toward national independence and a hostility toward individual freedom, is the important datum of this year. Its rejection by the people in November will be reassuring provided the seeds of McGovernism do not then take root again and, nourished by four years of inattention to the axioms of liberty, grow up to choke us in the years ahead.

This is not the time to assign blame for the failures of the last period. Or even the place to assign credit to Mr. Nixon where credit is due—and it is due him abundantly in certain respects. The fact of the matter is that the proffered alternative to Mr. Nixon is not something with which a grown-up superpower can play. There are those, including some of our own colleagues, who believe that four years of McGovern would catalyze a recrudescent conservatism. We disagree that the chance is worth taking. McGovernism is the erector set of big-think intellectuals, otherworldly dreamers, and children. Belloc warned us that dangerous toys should not be given to little boys, and much too much hangs on the possible consequence of George McGovern's exercise of of the power that has attached to the Presidency. All the other arguments, in our judgment, are secondary; indeed, under the circumstances, frivolous.

Accordingly, we urge the re-election of the incumbents. —THE EDITORS

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Ramsey Clark

Why did the two men hold up the liquor store, and, after emptying the till, shoot the 62-year-old owner? Why did the teen-ager rape the 73-year-old woman in Central Park? For enlightenment, let us turn to the prose of Ramsey Clark in *Crime in America* (1970):

"Crime reflects the character of a people. This is the painful fact that we do not want to face. . . . Crime reflects more than the character of the pitiful few who commit it. It reflects the character of the entire society. . . . If we are to deal meaningfully with crime, what must be seen is the dehumanizing effect on the individual of slums, racism, ignorance and violence, of corruption and impotence to fulfill rights, of poverty and unemployment and idleness, of generations of malnutrition, of congenital brain damage and pre-natal neglect, of sickness and disease, of pollution, of decrepit, dirty, ugly, unsafe housing, of alcoholism and narcotics addiction, of avarice, anxiety, fear, hatred, hopelessness and injustice. These are the fountainheads of crime."

From this turgid catalog a clear answer can be distilled. The murder and the rape occurred because of the defects of American society. In fact, the actual murderer or rapist is only secondarily guilty. The real, the essential guilt resides in the society itself: yes, even in those, perhaps especially in those, who have never committed a criminal *act* in their lives. Thus the criminology of a former Attorney General.

Ramsey Clark has now shown himself capable of similarly spectacular transmogrifications on the international scene. To the ordinary gaze, South Vietnam—like the liquor-store owner, like the old lady—would seem to possess strong claims to the status of victim. Whatever else history says about the war, it is unlikely to record that South Vietnam invaded North Vietnam. And this year, since March, North Vietnamese regular troops have been marauding through the South, shelling and rocketing towns, executing whom they pleased, slaughtering refugees fleeing southward along Highway One, and so forth.

Now if, moved by humanitarian feelings, one wished to make the case that civilians are being killed in this war, *there*, in South Vietnam—last April—would have been a good place to start. In the vicinity of Kontum or Quangtri, perhaps. Indubitably, last spring, those were civilian corpses, prominent on the front pages of the world. The silence, be it noted, was deafening. The Ramsey Clarks of the world are not stirred by the death of a liquor-store owner or the experience of the woman in the park, and they are not stirred by deaths inflicted by the Communists. It was only *after* Nixon's May announcement of the mining and bombing in the North that the heavy humanitarian artillery began to be wheeled into place: Eugene Carson Blake, Kurt Waldheim, and now Ramsey Clark. The proverbial man from Mars could only deduce that the casualties in the North are somehow deader than the earlier ones in the South were.

But we are not from Mars, and we discern a clear connection between Clark's criminology and his latest activities. Just as it is *American* society that is guilty when a crime is committed, so it is only the victims of *American* military action who interest Clark. Just as the man who commits a crime is transformed before your eyes into a victim by Clark, so the North Vietnamese—the *invaders*, after all—are now perceived by Clark as the victims of American immorality and inhumanity. In

The Divine Process

or If You're Old Enough To Burn Your Draft Card, You're Old Enough To Vote

AS A KNOWLEDGEABLE 18-YEAR OLD REPUBLICAN, I INTEND TO VOTE FOR RICHARD NIXON BECAUSE ONE - I'D BUY A USED CAR FROM HIM, TWO - HE CHANGED THE WHOLE WORLD IN A WEEK, AND THREE- HIS UNEQUIVALENT STAND ON AMNESIA FOR DRAFTEES. I THANK YOU.
AS A KNOWLEDGEABLE 18-YEAR OLD DEMOCRAT, I INTEND TO VOTE FOR GEORGE MCGOVERN BECAUSE ONE-HE HAS A HIGH FOREHEAD, TWO- HE'S GOING TO BEG CONGRESS TO GIVE EVERYBODY A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND THREE-HE'S TOTERRITORIALLY OPPOSED TO BUSING WHEN IT OBSTRUCTS TRAVESTY, UNLESS IT ENHANCES DETRIMENT. HI, MOM!

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each case, it is America that is ultimately guilty—whatever contradictory facts may exist in the foreground. In an introduction to *Crime in America*, Tom Wicker remarks that "the most revolutionary public voice in America today is that of Ramsey Clark." We know what you mean, Tom.

Beyond the outrageous substance is the pervasive unseemliness: Clark's use of his public standing, derived entirely from the fact that he was once a Cabinet officer, in the interest of the North Vietnamese; his curbstone endorsement of McGovern as soon as he reached San Francisco; the heavy-handed "offer" by a North Vietnamese journalist, transmitted by Clark, to release the POWs on inauguration day if McGovern is elected . . . Where does one turn for spiritual decontamination?

The Senate Shakes the SALT

The congressional discussion of the first fruits of SALT —the ABM treaty and the interim agreement on offensive weapons—will not go down in history as one of those great debates that shook the nation. In fact, the ordinary citizen hasn't even noticed it is going on. The lowness of its profile is measured in the fact that in their current issues neither *Time* nor *Newsweek* gives it a single line. The treaty, submitted to the Senate only, as the Constitution provides, rushed breathlessly through with only two dissidents—Senators James Buckley (N.Y.) and James Allen (Ala.). But this treaty, now become both global commitment and law of the land, prohibits us in perpetuity from building a defensive structure capable of protecting our homes and lives from the advanced weapons of our era . . . So what else is new?

The interim agreement was submitted to both House and Senate for a majority vote. Everyone knew there would be no fuss in the House, and Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee believed it had assured quick and well-greased Senate passage by a 11 to 0 vote, sending it to the floor with a recommendation for approval without any amendment or reservation. But Senator Henry Jackson, who has all along expressed well-grounded doubts about some of the agreement's provisions and implications, persisted with an interpretative amendment insisting that the treaty on offensive weapons into which the interim agreement is expected to evolve during the coming years of SALT II must provide, as the interim agreement notoriously does not, "numerical equality in the aggregate of all nuclear weapons, taking account of throw-weight." For what reason no one is quite sure, the White House let it be known it supported the Jackson amendment, and soon senatorial confusion was confounded. It was pointed out, correctly, that "equality" was ambiguous and that even if it could be defined, "numerical equality" was not the same thing as "strategic equality"; and it was further remarked that in any case no amendments or reservations could have any legal or binding effect. Then Senator Mansfield got cross at Senator Jackson's "presumptuousness," and introduced an amendment of his own—to endorse the Nixon-Brezhnev prefatory "statement of principles." Then, mysteriously, the White House stated it opposed any endorsement of this statement the President had signed, and added that it disagreed with Senator Jackson's interpretation of *his* amendment though it still supported it. And then the doves flew in with their amendment calling on both parties to promise not to develop weapons that might be believed to have a "first-strike potential."

This flurry of senatorial sound and some fury will in the end signify little in determining the immediate fate of the agreement, which will be endorsed by an overwhelming vote. But it just possibly may be prodding some senators and even some plain citizens to take another and longer look at these gifts from Moscow, and to keep a colder eye on the proceedings and conduct of SALT II.

It is, meanwhile, a sobering thought that an American senator is denounced as a hawk of hawks for asking no more than *equality* for American arms, and that a whole group of American senators propose to prohibit by law any development or production of better American weapons.

Hull Shapes

We snapped it from three hundred miles.
The shape suggests the flat-top styles.
Some say it's for their tanker fleet;
The evidence is incomplete,
But Elmo Zumwalt has a hunch
They hanker for a flat-top's punch.
The hull is huge, with tapered ends.
The Lord knows what the thing portends.
And what does George McGovern say
About a ship that grows each day?

W. H. von Dreele

The Shriver Shuffle

Sargent Shriver's first move as a candidate was as predictable as Bobby Fischer's P-K4 once was: a charge difficult to prove or disprove, but politically sexy and the perfect occasion for a few more choruses of self-righteous outrage. Did Richard Nixon, handed a "golden opportunity" by the North Vietnamese to end the war in 1969, indeed "blow it"? That is what the populace is meant to believe—pretty much on Shriver's say-so, the actual events on which he bases the claim being, he seems to think, murky and ambiguous enough to thwart definite understanding.

Or are they? According to Shriver, the withdrawal northward by 22 of 25 North Vietnamese regiments late in 1968 was a "signal" that Hanoi was ready to stop the fighting, come to the conference table, and end the war. Averell Harriman and Cyrus Vance, Shriver's fellow Democrats and fellow Yale men, hustle out a joint statement: Yes, there was definitely a signal; yes, Nixon definitely blew it. George McGovern weighs in with "documentary evidence" that Nixon had indeed received,

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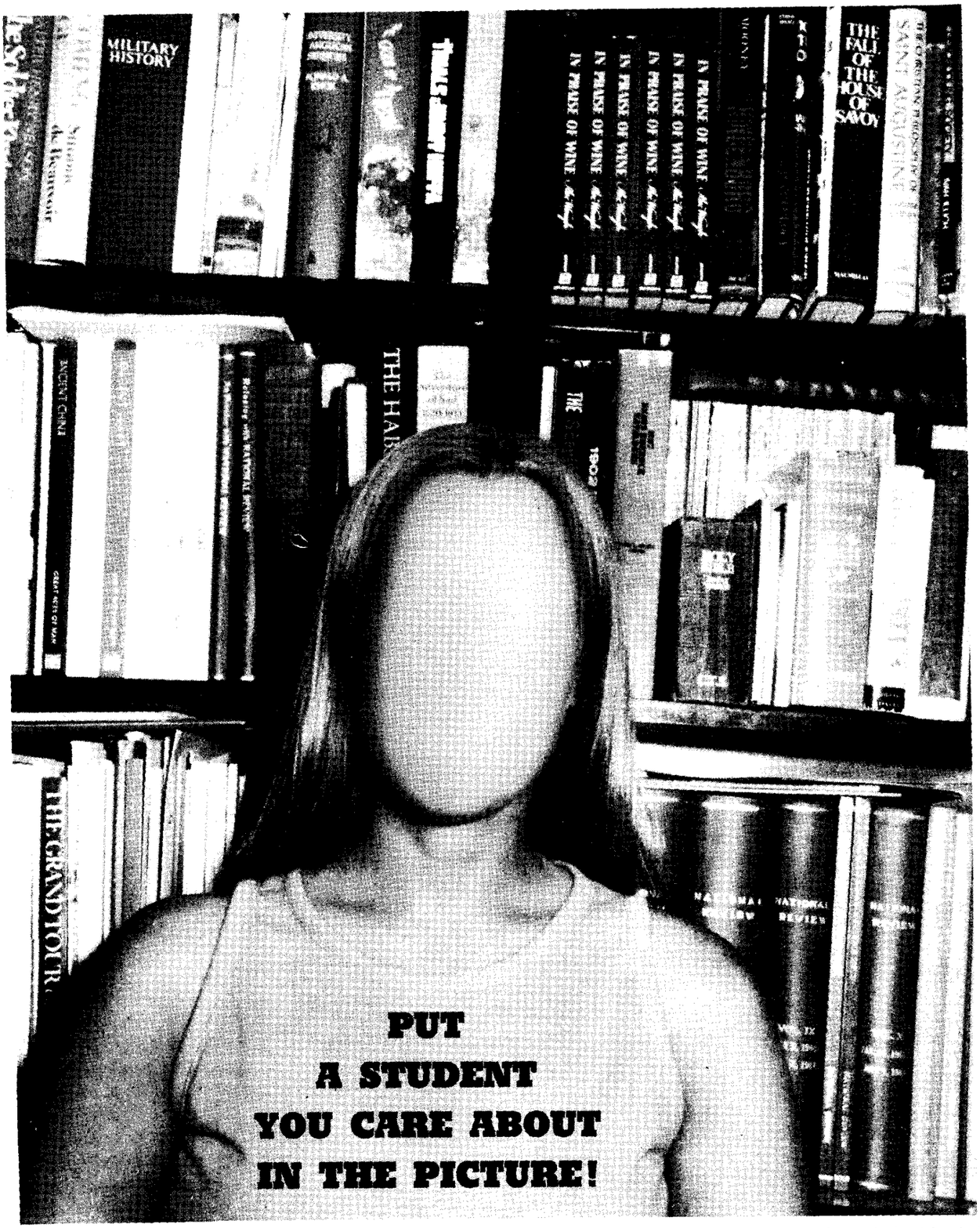

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and deliberately ignored, the signal. What perfidy!

As we look further into this mystery of the missed signal, things are less and less clear-cut, and the signal looks more and more like a will-o-the-wisp.

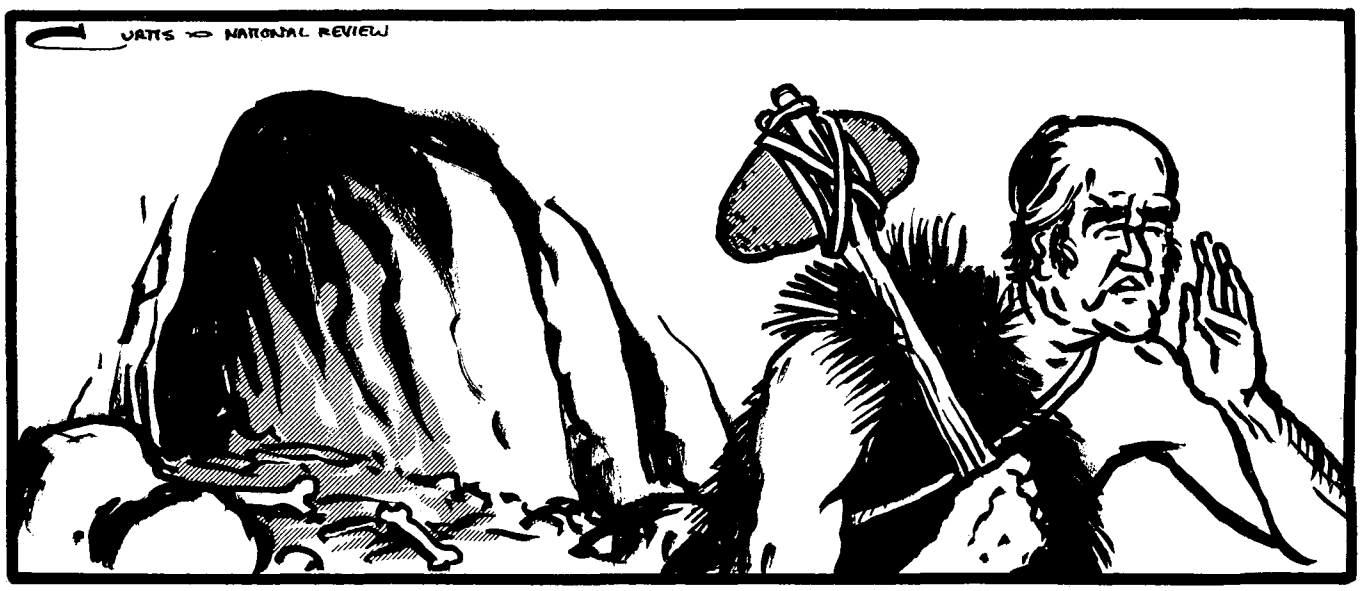
Immediately after Nixon took office, Henry Kissinger sought interpretations from all relevant agencies and departments. He got, it seems, a different one from each; all were incorporated in National Security Council Study Memo Number 1—the "documentary evidence" McGovern now brandishes. The memo does indeed show that Nixon and Kissinger knew about the withdrawal (so did anybody who read the newspapers); what it does not show is that the withdrawal constituted a signal. Some sources represented suggested it *might* be a signal, though of just what none pretended to be sure. Nowhere in the memorandum is there an interpretation of the move as unequivocal as that now offered by Shriver, Harriman, Vance & Co. The memorandum notes what the McGovernites now ignore: that there had been lulls aplenty in 1968—before the Tet Offensive in February, before the "second wave" attacks in May and the "third wave" in August. True to pattern, just as Nixon was taking office in January 1969 the North Vietnamese began moving south once again. It also mentions that the North Vietnamese, battered in heavy fighting over nine months, undoubtedly needed to fall back to regroup and resupply. All in all, the interpretations of the withdrawal he received seem to justify Kissinger's conclusion that military and political considerations led to the move: "Military factors included heavy enemy losses, effective allied tactics, material shortages and bad weather. Political factors centered on enemy efforts to make a political virtue out of a military necessity in a talk-fight strategy to influence the Paris negotiations."

Shriver, Harriman and Vance now claim *they* spotted the signal in November and mentioned it in their reports to Washington, and that Nixon had access to those reports after January 20. Unhappily, the gentlemen did not keep carbon copies, and Secretary Rogers says he can find nothing in the files (to be sure, we are entitled to wonder how hard he looked). It is odd that Shriver et al. said nothing for three years. It is interesting that Shriver, who now says he opposed the Vietnam policies of his bosses John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, stayed on as ambassador to France a full year after Nixon took office and, on resigning, wrote to Richard Nixon: "I have accomplished the objectives I went to Paris to achieve—the beginnings at least of peace in Vietnam. . . . I hope your efforts for peace are successful."

Heath's Troubles

The ability of the Heath government to exercise power has steadily diminished this summer, nibbled relentlessly by a piranha-like assortment of difficulties. The Heath government saw the British version of Taft-Hartley through Parliament, only to have it defied by the dockers, with the open encouragement of a number of Labor Party MPs. Instead of invoking the tougher provisions of the act, the government proclaimed a state of emergency: If necessary, it can use troops to move essential food and other cargoes. But defiance of the law has occurred and is spreading. What, it is beginning to be asked, will the government do when the next 40 per cent pay claim comes up in a vulnerable industry, accompanied by escalation of violence by the pickets? Meanwhile unemployment remains at the million mark, inflation rages at 11 to 12 per cent, and class resentments are exacerbated.

The military moves against no-go areas in Ulster do not appear to have advanced the chances for a settlement there. An all-party round-table conference to be convened by proconsul William Whitelaw in September will not include IRA representatives, and very likely will not



"Come Home, America . . ."

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include the Social Democratic and Labor Party, a principal Catholic vehicle, which is holding out for the release of the remaining 283 internees, considered hard-core terrorists by the British. One possible solution—releasing some of the internees while bringing criminal charges against the remainder—probably would satisfy neither the SDLP nor the requirements of security. The bombing and the sniping go on; the British maintain in Ulster, in proportion to Ulster's population, a larger number of troops than the U.S. ever had in Vietnam.

To top it all off, the Waugh-esque ruler of Uganda, Gen. Idi Amin, is "Africanizing" his economy by ordering out of the country within ninety days some fifty thousand resident Asians who hold British passports. This is, incidentally, expected to wreck the economy of Uganda, but will also present the British with an inflamed racial problem and increased unemployment.

Heath is not obliged to call another general election for two years. No government, however, can continue indefinitely when it is being widely disobeyed, and some think that Heath would be well-advised to call one later this year, and seek a reinforced mandate for the draconian measures that may be necessary to deal with the trades unions and his other problems.

Action on Busing

The House Education and Labor Committee has now sent to the floor legislation that would limit busing for racial balance in essentially the manner requested by the Administration last spring. In substance, the legislation is relatively mild: Students in grade six or below would be permitted to attend the school "closest or next closest" to home—thus allowing for some "pairing" of schools to bring about integration; students above grade six could be bused to more distant schools only after a variety of other methods of desegregation had been exhausted.

Mild as it is, the legislation is a signal that the will exists in Congress to circumscribe the courts on busing. Thus the heretofore liberal Education and Labor Committee, by a solid 21 to 16 vote—several Northern Democrats joining with Republicans—moved to define who can and who cannot be ordered into buses by the courts.

Moreover, all signs point to the toughening of the restrictions when the bill comes before the House. Its sponsor on the committee, Rep. Albert H. Quie of Minnesota, says that he pressed this legislation only to stave off still more severe restrictions. Representatives William Ford and James O'Hara, Michigan Democrats, and civil-rights champions, fought for amendments which would have prohibited busing at every grade level (Michigan, not coincidentally, voted for George Wallace in the Democratic primary) and the total prohibition no doubt will be offered again in the House—where it well might pass.

Philosophically, the argument is a three-sided one—among those who think that racial balancing is a good idea, despite its apparent lack of educational value, and are willing to bus to achieve it; those, like Rep. Quie, who are willing to bus, but not ten year olds and not too far; and those who see little merit in the whole idea and/or are running for re-election this year in places like Richmond or Detroit.

Politically speaking, George McGovern would be better off if Congress killed busing and took it out of the campaign as an issue. Otherwise, McGovern is the busing candidate, and he'll be wasting his time campaigning in Michigan and in many other places. But McGovern's luck (bad) seems likely to hold. Whatever the House does, the Senate has yet to pass restrictive legislation on busing, and probably will not bail McGovern out before November.

Chilean Notes

If they actually come off, the parliamentary elections next spring will be a clear-cut contest between Allende's Unidad Popular and the opposition. The Christian Democrats, Nationalists and the smaller opposition parties have agreed to offer a single list of candidates instead of competing among themselves and thus giving the victory to Allende (as they did, to their sorrow, in the university elections last month). The agreement is a big defeat for Radamiro Tomic, leader of the left-wing Christian Democrats, who still insists his party has a "moral obligation" to avoid "confrontation" by reaching agreements with the UP.

On the government side, meanwhile, the Communists (playing the moderate role) are in the driver's seat of the UP—and the other parties begin to chafe. In Con-

The Social Gospel

Last Sunday I took off for church;
I shall not tell you which.
The prelude and processional
Went off without a hitch.
The anthem was inspiring;
The scripture reading, too.
The offering was *big* (the church
Is on Fifth Avenue).
Then did the sexton dim the lights
As to the pulpit came
The pastor in a flowing robe
To preach the Holy Name.
But, lo, the sermon topic was,
"Let's Stamp Out Urban Blight."
That's when, as Joseph did before,
I organized my flight.

W. H. VON DREELE

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cepción late in July, for instance, local leaders of the UP held an open-air rally at which the Communists were conspicuously absent and the ultra-revolutionary MIR, not even a member of the coalition, was well represented.

And the violence continues. Some representative incidents: in mid-July, police uncovered a "terrorist plot" to assassinate Allende. Dozens were arrested; many are still sought. Most of the "terrorists" are government employees, and many are members of Allende's Socialist Party—which leads suspicious Chilenos to suspect a Communist effort to discredit the Socialists and solidify their own position. On July 24, a Santiago taxibus hit and slightly damaged a private car, whose occupants chased the bus, boarded it, beat up the driver and several passengers and shot a worker dead. Police hushed up the incident for 24 hours, and apparently tried to cover up certain facts: Two of the car's occupants were government employees, all were heavily armed, there was a radio transmitter in the car. According to a tape recording of a telephone conversation played in the Senate, a high police official ordered one of the occupants—*after* his arrest—to remove the license from the car.

African Merry-Go-Round

Post-colonial Africa has not been known for its stability, but there has been even more turbulence than usual of late. The Central African Republic hit the news when President Jean-Bédel Bokassa ordered all thieves beaten —to death, if necessary. (It was Bokassa who, in 1971, celebrated Mother's Day by ordering the execution of all men jailed for crimes against their mothers.) When Kurt Waldheim allegedly deplored the beatings, Bokassa accused him of "interference in our country's internal affairs" and called him a "procurer, colonialist and imperialist." A spokesman for Waldheim said it was all very strange, inasmuch as Waldheim hadn't said a peep about the beatings.

Then in Kenya, a man attempted to sit next to President Jomo Kenyatta at a public function. The audience, assuming he was a would-be assassin, began to beat him. When the man's brother tried to explain to the crowd that their victim was mentally disturbed but harmless, the crowd turned on him and beat him to death. Both men were found to be unarmed.

In Rhodesia, the white government is burning down the huts of Tangwena tribesmen who live on white-owned land. The blacks claim they have the right to stay on their ancestral lands, since they were there before the Land Apportionment Act gave the land to whites. The government claims they never had the right to remain, although the law was not strictly enforced until Rhodesia declared its independence.

But the big news is from Uganda. As of this writing, President Idi Amin still insists that fifty thousand Asians with British passports and ten thousand with Indian, Pakistani or Bangladesh passports will have to leave the country by the first week in November. The major difficulty—apart from the logistics of moving so many people in so short a time—is that Britain, after racial problems caused by the influx of Asians from Kenya in 1968, placed quotas on Asian immigration. The quota for Uganda has been three thousand families per year. Britain has said she will discharge her responsibility toward the Asians—who are British subjects—even if it means waiving the quota, but she is very worried over the problem of settling the refugees, especially since many will be destitute. If the Asians—the principal retailers and traders in Uganda—were permitted to remove all their holdings from the country, they would be taking out seven times as much money as Uganda has in foreign currency reserves. Therefore, it is assumed many of them will be deported with little money and only a few personal effects.

Amin seems to regard the Asians rather as Hitler regarded the Jews. On the one hand, they are, he would say, the object of a principled hatred—after all, God came to him in a dream and told him to conduct a War of Liberation against these "economic saboteurs." On the other hand, they are a useful diversion from Uganda's problems: The extremely undisciplined army is in control of the country, and the economy is sagging badly. However, it is also possible, as the *Economist* speculates, that Amin may be trying to emulate Malta's Dom Mintoff, and get more foreign aid from Britain in return for stopping the deportations, or at least spacing them so as to give Britain time to absorb the immigrants.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I was most interested in your blast at Air France in today's *Los Angeles Times*. But if you think you have a complaint—hear mine. . . .

Last September, the 20th, to be exact, I flew from Hamburg, Germany to Anchorage, Alaska on Air France Flight 272, a one-stop flight from Hamburg to Tokyo. We departed at 3 P.M., and arrived in Anchorage at 2 P.M.,—one hour earlier by local time, but ten hours later by actual elapsed time. And during these ten hours, I was served one minuscule (but good!) salad. The explanation for the lack of a meal in a ten-hour flight was very simply given to me by a stewardess: meals are served according to the local time of the places flown over, and we were making the entire flight during the interval between lunch and dinner.

It seemed to me that, since we passed over northern Greenland during the time of the local seal-blubber and

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walrus-kidney tea snack, we should have been served that; but it is probably not gourmet enough for Air France! Sincerely,

Richard F. Logan
Professor of Geography
U. of California, Los Angeles

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have not written your stalwart publication since entering the Second Annual Delectations Contest, but the delectable coincidence of receiving your June 23 issue and a copy of L'Estrange's *Fables of Aesop* the same week compels me to write again. For in the *Fables* (Dover edition, 1967, p. 59) I found a comment fit for SALT and its fans:

A Cat and Mice

There was a house mightily troubled with mice, and a notable cat there was, that time after time had pick'd up so many of 'em, that they agreed among themselves to keep above in the ceiling; for they found that upon the plain floor there was no living for 'em. This spoil'd pusses sport, unless she could find a way to trepan them down again. So she leapt up to a pin that was driven into the wall, and there hung like a polcat in a warren, to amuse them. The mice took notice of it, and one wiser then the rest stretched out his neck to learn the truth of the matter, and so soon as ever he found how 'twas, Ah says he, you may hang there till your heart akes; for if you were but a dish-clout, as you are a counterfeiting devil of a cat, here's not a creature will come near ye.

The Moral

Let no man lay himself at the mercy of a known enemy, under any shew, or pretence whatsoever; for he forfeits his discretion, even though he should happen to save his carcass, and his fortune. (Emphasis in the original.)

This letter is not intended to represent the consensus or official position of the Department of the Air Force or of any other branch of the United States Government, much as I might wish it did. Cordially,

R. A. Frey Jr.
(1st Lt., USAF, Missile Staff Officer)
Great Falls, Montana

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Apparently, George McGovern's national campaign committee plans to make use of a variation of your brother's highly successful 1970 campaign pitch, "Isn't it time *we* had a Senator?"

In view of the fact that Jim's slogan was designed to appeal to those opposed to the politics of Charles Goodell, and that McGovern stands in basic agreement with those politics, the sight of the solicitation for campaign funds for McGovern in the *Minneapolis Tribune* (July 23), headed by the question, "Isn't it time YOU had a President?" struck me as quite ludicrous.

My written reply to the advertisers was, "Thank you, but *I* already have a President!" Sincerely,

Barry A. Kelner
Minneapolis, Minnesota

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought your column on the McGovern religion was good. How odd, yet how natural, that people so long on principle should be so short on loyalty—except of course loyalty to Mankind: a transcendent commitment that releases them from embarrassingly specific ones. In a way, I almost *like* the Daleys, Meanys, Javitses, Humphreys, when I contrast them with a McGovern. Sure, their politics is incoherent and even corrupt, but it has a healthy earthiness: they are fighting for tribe and turf; their pretensions are so modest (allowing for pro forma extravagances of rhetoric). Whereas, as Mailer, in *Life*, writes of McGovern: "If he had started as a minister in the faith of his father, he had left that ministry for one larger." Just so: preaching the gospel to every living creature could not satisfy such vision, such ambition. By the way, the Eagleton flap is unfortunate, but it has a political point: McGovern's running-mate should be a man of unquestionable mental soundness. One of the axioms of American politics is that the ticket must be balanced.

You people at *NR* are too nervous about McGovern. He can't win. True, every Republican should take the precaution of voting; but McGovern will have a hard time carrying a large majority of his own party. Here's why: Jack Newfield, on the *Today* show, noted (bitterly) that the "reform" Convention had systematically excluded the heart of the old Democratic coalition: the white working-class. A major point, because the Democrat era is coming to an ironic end. The Dems will be hoist with their own petard, that petard being, approximately, the labor theory of value; which they've used for a generation or so to glorify the Working Man and to excite resentment against his (hitherto upper-class) exploiters. Trouble is, the Working Man sees his exploiters nowadays, not as those above him, but those below him; those who refuse to work. Those, in other words, whose champion George McGovern is. Only widespread dislike of Nixon, and the inertia of those who have an old habit of voting Democratic, could possibly elect McGovern, unless the President elopes with Jane Fonda. The Democratic Party has traded George Meany in on Abbie Hoffman, a qualitative refinement but a strategic miscalculation. Hope I've put your mind at ease.

I'll be watching you as you try to teach J.K. Galbraith about non-Euclidean politics, but I'm pessmistic. Prof. Galbraith seeks evidence for the unfashionable view that some people are congenitally ineducable, though he certainly refutes old notions about Scottish thrift. Yours as always,

Joe Sobran
U. of Eastern Michigan
Ypsilanti, Michigan

—WFB

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VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN

Micro- v. Macro-Politics

JAMES BURNHAM

SALT LAKE CITY—I write near the close of a journey to the Mountain States that began just after the Eagleton bang and ended a couple of weeks later with the Shriver whimper. I have been reading the local press, listening to the local radios and talking with the inhabitants and with random travelers visiting this enchanted region where even the grimmest ecologue can still find unpolluted solace. The demographic gamut was fairly broad, ranging from the customary oracles of gas station and general store through wranglers, students and ranchers to business tycoons and Wall Street lawyers. One class was, however, grossly underrepresented in my sample: there were only two verbalists, an Episcopalian padre and a semi-pro teacher.

It was perhaps this bias that renewed an impression I have often brought back from the heartland: that Americans are not interested in politics. That is not really what I mean, of course; everyone is inevitably interested in politics. But most Americans are not much interested in the dimensions of politics that interest and occupy the verbalists. Specifically, most Americans are not interested in political ideology and have only a limited interest in foreign policy and "basic" domestic issues.

For Montana cattle ranchers politics meant, this summer, the price of beef and Washington's moves to fiddle with that price. For sheep ranchers politics was a Senate committee battle over poisoning the coyotes that so love paw-licking baby lambs.

Empty, Empty over Thy Head

I am persuaded that for most of us the Vietnam war is dead as an issue. In sixteen days I heard only one reference to the Vietnam war—a parent's matter-of-fact comment that his son was in the Navy and bored by his current duty shuttling between the Philippines and the Tonkin Gulf. As for things like presidential trips to Peking, Pakistan-India wars, political overturns in Chile and SALT treaties, most Americans couldn't care less: couldn't at any rate, unless there is something specific involved that specifically affects them—a chance for import profits from the China trade, arms contracts canceled or increased because of SALT, a mine or industry confiscated in Chile.

Price and wage control, considered as an abstract and general issue, as an issue "of principle," is just as dead. One businessman was annoyed that his company had to drop a product because the rules prevented its price from being raised enough to match higher costs, and another because he couldn't raise his company's dividend as much as profits justified. But neither was concerned with the concept of a controlled economy. An investment analyst explained how the McGovern proposals to increase the capital gains tax would make it hard for new technologically advanced enterprises to get off the ground. But neither he nor anyone else bothered about the abstract merits of the principle of redistribution embodied in the McGovern fiscal program. Montana dude ranchers were sore at Northwest Airlines pilots for shutting down transport during the summer season when the year's income must be made, but they did not discuss theories of union monopoly or right-to-strike. Nor was anyone, from rancher to doctor, disturbed by inflation in the price of *his* labor or product.

Most non-verbalist Americans translate political issues into their practical and relatively short-term bearing on their own lives and affairs. This is not always apparent at first hearing, because nearly all of us parrot the verbalist rhetoric. The model for most of us is the liberal jargon of *Time*, *Newsweek* and the presiding columnists and commentators, though a stubborn few still draw their abstractions from the older free-enterprise mold. In both cases, the rhetoric is only tongue-deep. Free-enterprise and Keynesian textile manufacturers respond with identical shrieks to any move toward unrestricted free trade in textiles. You would need a long search to uncover a plumber, doctor, lawyer or electrician who, whether Democrat, Republican, Socialist or Communist, would favor opening his occupation to unlimited recruits. The blue-collar worker has been faithful to the Democratic Party not because he is at heart a convinced "progressive" but because experience has shown him he gets more out of Democrats than Republicans. And as he notes that Democrat policies of maxi-welfarism and reverse social discrimination threaten his wallet and neighborhood, he begins to think of shifting.

The actions of most Americans in relation to politics are motivated by non-ideological, concrete interests. This has the paradoxical consequence of giving disproportionate leverage to the ideological and Big Issue minority (actually, minorities). The simplistic abstractions of minority macro-politics are more apt at stirring passion than the multitudinous concretions of majority micro-politics, and they provide the base for more cohesive and dynamic organization. In the past two generations, moreover, the verbalists have greatly expanded in both numbers and roles. From their fortresses in the academy, the pulpit and the media, their ideologized voices drown out—silence—the majority.

Place Your Bets

The rising power of the verbalists has so far been exercised more effectively in presidential than in congressional campaigns, perhaps because the non-verbalist majority pays closer attention to Congress, which still makes most decisions about coyote-poisoning and other micro-political matters. And in presidential campaigns the verbalists do better with nominating than electing. In 1964 a verbalist minority succeeded in nominating Barry Goldwater, and another larger verbalist minority nominated George McGovern in 1972. It is not excluded that in some future year a verbalist minority will gain control of our government, but that time is not yet. The majority is not yet sufficiently bamboozled to overlook the gap that divides it from the ideas and lifestyle of the minorities, especially from the minority that has engineered McGovern's nomination. In 1972 poor George McGovern will be lucky to carry the District of Columbia. □

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Richard Nixon and the GOP: This Is Your Life

Freedom v. Communism

The Communists proclaim over and over again that their aim is the victory of Communism throughout the world. It is not enough for us to reply that our aim is to contain Communism, to defend the free world against Communism, to hold the line against Communism. The only answer to a strategy of victory for the Communist world is a strategy of victory for the free world.

When Mr. Khrushchev says our grandchildren will live under Communism, let us say his grandchildren will live in freedom. When Mr. Khrushchev says the Monroe Doctrine is dead in the Americas, let us say the Doctrine of Freedom lives everywhere in the world.

—RMN Acceptance Speech, July 28, 1960

The Republican Party asserts that the sovereign purpose of our foreign policy is to secure the free institutions of our nation against every peril, to hearten and fortify the love of freedom everywhere in the world, and to achieve a just peace for all of anxious humanity.

The pre-eminence of this Republic requires of us a vigorous, resolute foreign policy—inflexible against every tyrannical encroachment, and mighty in its advance toward our own affirmative goals.

The Government of the United States, under the Administration of President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon, has demonstrated that firmness in the face of threatened aggression is the most dependable safeguard of peace. We now reaffirm our determination to defend the security and the freedom of our country, to honor our commitments to our allies at whatever cost or sacrifice, and never to submit to force or threats. Our determination to stand fast has forestalled aggression before Berlin, in the Formosa Straits, and in Lebanon. Since 1954 no free nation has fallen victim behind the Iron Curtain. We mean to adhere to the policy of firmness that has served us so well.

—GOP Platform, 1960

The immediate strategy of the Soviet imperialists is to destroy the world's confidence in America's desire for peace, to threaten with violence our mutual security arrangements, and to sever the bonds of amity and respect among the free nations. To nullify the Soviet conspiracy is our greatest task. The United States faces this challenge and resolves to meet it with courage and confidence.

—GOP Platform, 1960

We must recognize that we are in a life and death struggle that has repercussions far beyond Vietnam, and that victory is essential to the survival of freedom.

—RMN, 1964 *Reader's Digest* article, quoted by Lawrence Spivak, *Meet the Press*, NBC, Nov. 3, 1968

America must advance freedom throughout the world as a vital condition of orderly human progress, universal justice, and the security of the American people.

The supreme challenge to this policy is an atheistic imperialism—Communism.

Our nation's leadership must be judged by—indeed, American independence and even survival are dependent upon—the stand it takes toward Communism.

That stand must be: victory for freedom. There can be no peace, there can be no security, until this goal is won.

—GOP Platform, 1964

Abroad, in every major sector, we confront a formidable foe—an expansionist tyranny which respects only toughness and strength and still displays little interest in traveling the pathways to peace, with honor and justice.

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—Wide World

Richard Nixon accepts GOP nomination, 1960

Remember, it is not by a tyrant's words, but only by his deeds that we can know him!

Today the Communists reach ruthlessly for domination over Southeast Asia and are trying to break our will to foil the attempt. In the Middle East, month by month they move closer to testing our resolution. The same is true in Korea. Constantly they stir new troubles in every area of weakness they can ferret out in Eastern Europe, in Africa and Latin America.

Even here in America they covertly labor to deepen citizen discontent, to incite violence, and to rend the fabric of our society. Meantime they continue to expand their military power.

There is nothing particularly new in this. I have had personally to deal directly or indirectly with this ideological conflict a good part of my adult life. But what is new is a growing disposition among some of us to ignore these aggressive moves, to discount the blatant threats, to seek, in effect, for surface accommodations rather than to insist upon mutual acceptance in practice of principle. This is wishful thinking at its worst.

Of course, all of us yearn for universal peace with honor and tonight our prayers are both with our representatives in Paris and our brave men in Vietnam. But once we begin to compete over how best to contrive an American retreat in such a struggle—then we are heading for trouble. But I must offer this thought:

> It is one thing to call for a peaceful settlement of this struggle. It is quite another to call for retreat by America. The latter is the best way I know to stockpile tragedy for our children.

—Dwight D. Eisenhower,
speaking to Republican
Convention via pre-recorded
tape, August 5, 1968

And now to the leaders of the Communist world we say after an era of confrontations, the time has come for an era of negotiations.

Where the world superpowers are concerned there is no acceptable alternative to peaceful negotiation. Because this will be a period of negotiations we shall restore the strength of America so that we shall always negotiate from strength and never from weakness.

—RMN Acceptance Speech,
August 8, 1968

Vietnam

I couldn't disagree more with President Johnson's statement that was attributed to him in Delaware recently that electing more Republicans was going to make the United States falter and fail in Vietnam. The Republicans generally take a stronger position in resisting aggression in Vietnam than do the Democrats. Not all Republicans and not all Democrats can be so categorized, but I believe this—that the election of forty more Republicans to the House will serve notice to the enemy in Vietnam that the United States is not going to do what the French did ten years ago, cut and run.

—RMN, *Meet the Press*,
NBC, Oct. 23, 1966

We do not intend to conduct foreign policy in such manner as to make the United States a world policeman. However, we will not condone aggression, or so-called "wars of national liberation," or naïvely discount the continuing threats of Moscow and Peking.

—GOP Platform, 1968

We all hope in this room that there's a chance that current negotiations may bring an honorable end to [the] war. And we will say nothing during this campaign that might destroy that chance.

But if the war is not ended when the people choose in November, the choice will be clear. Here it is: For four years this Administration has had at its disposal the greatest military and economic advantage that one nation has ever had over another in a war in history. For four years America's fighting men have set a record for courage and sacrifice unsurpassed in our history. For four years this Administration has had the support of the loyal opposition for the objective of seeking an honorable end to the struggle.

Never has so much military and economic and diplomatic power been used so ineffectively.

—RMN Acceptance Speech,
August 8, 1968

We pledge a program for peace in Vietnam—neither peace at any price nor a camouflaged surrender of legiti-

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mate United States or allied interests—but a positive program that will offer a fair and equitable settlement to all, based on the principle of self-determination, our national interests and the cause of long-range world peace.

—GOP Platform, 1968

Now, the reason that kind of victory ["victory over aggression"] and in that limited sense is necessary is this: That in the event that this war is ended on a basis that is interpreted as a reward for aggression it will bring peace, but within four or five years those who have aggression in mind—and I'm not thinking just of North Vietnam, I'm thinking of the Communist Chinese particularly—are going to try it again, and that is why I believe that victory over aggression in that limited sense is what we need to have.

—RMN, *Meet the Press*, NBC, Nov. 3, 1968

Captive Nations

The Republican Party reaffirms its determination to use every peaceful means to help the captive nations toward their independence, and thus their freedom to live and worship according to conscience. We do not condone the subjugation of the peoples of Hungary, Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Albania, Bulgaria, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, and other once-free nations. We are not shaken in our hope and belief that once again they will rule themselves.

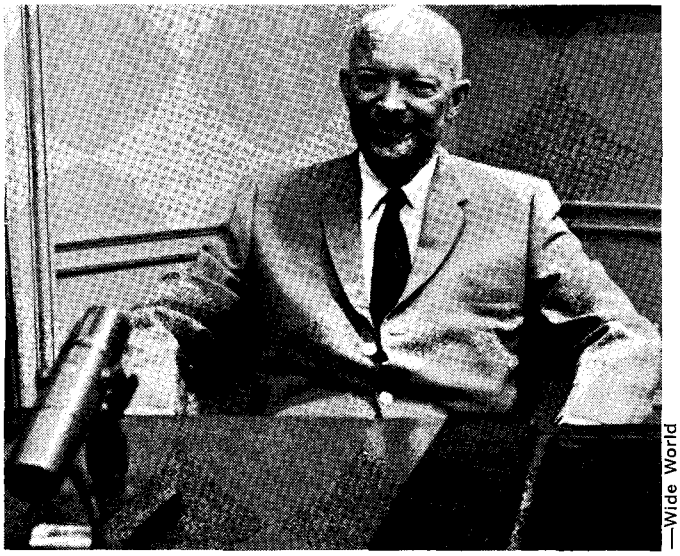
—GOP Platform, 1960

This Administration has sought accommodations with Communism without adequate safeguards and compensating gains for freedom. It has alienated proven allies by opening a "hot line" first with a sworn enemy rather than with a proven friend, and in general pursued a risky path such as began at Munich a quarter-century ago. . . .

At first it hinted at concessions for freedom in return for wheat sold to Russia; later it obtained no concessions at all. At first it pledged not to breach restraints on trade with Communist countries in other parts of the world; later it stimulated such trade itself, and thus it encouraged trade with Cuba by America's oldest friends. . . .

It has turned its back on the captive peoples of Eastern Europe, abandoning their cause in the United Nations and in the official utterances of our government.

—GOP Platform, 1964



—Wide World

From Walter Reed Hospital, Ike addresses 1968 GOP Convention, warns against Communist tyranny

We hold that trade with Communist countries should not be directed toward the enhancement of their power and influence but could only be justified if it would serve to diminish their power.

—GOP Platform, 1964

Republicans reaffirm their long-standing commitment to a course leading to eventual liberation of the Communist-dominated nations of Eastern Europe, Asia and Latin America, including the peoples of Hungary, Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Albania, Bulgaria, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Armenia, Ukraine, Yugoslavia, and its Serbian, Croatian and Slovene peoples, Cuba, Mainland China and many others.

—GOP Platform, 1964

Only when Communist nations prove by actual deeds that they genuinely seek world peace and will live in harmony with the rest of the world, will we support expansion of East-West trade.

—GOP Platform, 1968

The peoples of the captive nations of Eastern Europe will one day regain their freedom and independence. We will strive to speed this day by encouraging the greater political freedom actively sought by several of these nations. On occasions when a liberalization of trade in non-strategic goods with the captive nations can have this effect, it will have our support.

—GOP Platform, 1968

Red China

Recognition of Communist China and its admission to the United Nations have been firmly opposed by the Republican Administration. We will continue in this opposition because of compelling evidence that to do otherwise would weaken the cause of freedom and endanger the

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future of the free peoples of Asia and the world. The brutal suppression of the human rights and the religious traditions of the Tibetan people is an unhappy evidence of the need to persist in our policy.

—GOP Platform, 1960

Now what do the Chinese Communists want? They don't want just Quemoy and Matsu. They don't want just Formosa. They want the world. And the question is, if you surrender or indicate in advance that you're not going to defend any part of the free world, and you figure that's going to satisfy them, it doesn't satisfy them, it only whets their appetite.

And then the question comes: When do you stop them?

I have often heard President Eisenhower, in discussing this question, make the statement that if we once start the process of indicating that this point or that point is not the place to stop those who threaten the peace and freedom of the world, where do we stop them? And I say that those of us who stand against surrender of territory, this or any others, in the face of blackmail, in the face of force by the Communists, are standing for the course that will lead to peace.

—RMN, Kennedy-Nixon debate, Oct. 13, 1960

We are opposed to the recognition of Red China. We oppose its admission into the United Nations. We steadfastly support free China.

—GOP Platform, 1964

Any American policy toward Asia must come urgently to grips with the reality of China. This does not mean, as many would simplistically have it, rushing to grant recognition to Peking, to admit it to the United Nations and to ply it with offers of trade—all of which would serve to confirm its rulers in their present course. It does mean recognizing the present and potential danger from Communist China, and taking measures designed to meet that danger. . . .

The world cannot be safe until China changes. Thus our aim, to the extent that we can influence events, should be to induce change. The way to do this is to persuade China that it *must* change: that it cannot satisfy its imperial ambitions, and that its own national interest requires a turning away from foreign adventuring and turning inward toward the solution of its own domestic problems.

Only as the nations of non-Communist Asia become so strong—economically, politically and militarily—that they no longer furnish tempting targets for Chinese aggression, will the leaders in Peking be persuaded to turn their energies inward rather than outward. And that will be the time when the dialogue with Mainland China will begin. . . .

—RMN, "Asia after Vietnam," *Foreign Affairs*, Oct. 1967

I think that until the Chinese Communists indicate they are willing to become civilized members of the community of nations, they should not be given the prestige of being in the United Nations. And I do not believe, incidentally, that there is any excuse to say that we can't communicate with them without their being in the United Nations because we can and we do.

—RMN speech, Hillsborough, N.H., Feb. 28, 1968

I would not recognize Red China now and I would not agree to admitting it to the UN and I wouldn't go along with those well-intentioned people that said, "Trade with them," because that may change them. Because doing it now would only encourage them, the hardliners in Peking and hardline policy that they're following. And it would have an immense effect in discouraging great numbers of non-Communist elements in Free Asia that are now just beginning to develop their strength and their own confidence.

—RMN speech, New York, N.Y., April 19, 1968

Improved relations with Communist nations can come only when they cease to endanger other states by force or threat. Under existing conditions, we cannot favor recognition of Communist China or its admission to the United Nations.

—GOP Platform, 1968

National Defense

The firm diplomacy of the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration has been supported by a military power superior to any in the history of our nation or in the world. As long as world tensions menace us with war, we are resolved to maintain an armed power exceeded by no other.

—GOP Platform, 1960

We are in a race tonight, my fellow Americans, a race for survival in which our lives, our fortunes, our liberties are at stake. We are ahead now, but the only way to stay ahead in a race is to move ahead; and the next President will make decisions which will determine whether we win or whether we lose this race.

What must he do? He must resolve first and above all that the United States must never settle for second best in anything. Militarily, the security of the United States must be put before all other considerations. Why? Not only because this is necessary to deter aggression, but because we must make sure that we are never in a position at the conference table where Mr. Khrushchev

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or his successor is able to coerce an American President because of Communist strength and our weakness.

—RMN, Acceptance Speech, July 28, 1960

This Administration has adopted policies which will lead to a potentially fatal parity of power with Communism instead of continued military superiority for the United States.

It has permitted disarmament negotiations to proceed without adequate consideration of military judgment—a procedure which tends to bring about, in effect, a unilateral curtailment of American arms rendered the more dangerous by the Administration's discounting known Soviet advances in nuclear strategy.

—GOP Platform, 1964

We will maintain a superior, not merely equal, military capability as long as the Communist drive for world domination continues. It will be a capability of balanced force, superior in all its arms, maintaining flexibility for effective performance in the rapidly changing science of war.

Republicans will never unilaterally disarm America.

We will demand that any arms reduction plan worthy of consideration guarantee reliable inspection. We will demand that any such plan assure this nation of sufficient strength, step by step, to forestall and defend against possible violations.

—GOP Platform, 1964

In 1962 at the time of the Cuban confrontation this nation had an 8 to 1 strategic advantage over the same Soviet Union which is approaching strategic equality today.

With the mounting Soviet strategic capability, with the Russian development and deployment of the world's first ABM system, with the extension of Soviet conventional power into the Middle East, with the growth of Soviet naval power in the Mediterranean and on the world's oceans—there has come a new Soviet aggressiveness.

It appears that the closer we approach strategic parity, the further we move from a stable peace.

—RMN speech, La Crosse, Wis., Feb. 21, 1968

Grave errors, many now irretrievable, have characterized the direction of our nation's defense.

A singular notion—that salvation for America lies in standing still—has pervaded the entire effort. Not retention of American superiority but parity with the Soviet Union has been made the controlling doctrine in many critical areas. We have frittered away superior military capabilities, enabling the Soviets to narrow their defense gap, in some areas to outstrip us, and to move to cancel our lead entirely by the early Seventies.

—Wide World

Nixon backs the ticket in 1964; shown here campaigning with Kansas Senator, now GOP Chairman, Bob Dole

In a host of areas, advanced military research and development have been inhibited and stagnated by inexpert, cost-oriented administrators imbued with a euphoric concept of Soviet designs. A strange Administration preference for such second-best weaponry as the costly Navy F111-B (TFX) has deprived our Armed Forces of more advanced weapons systems. Improvements in our submarines have been long delayed as the Soviets have proceeded apace with their own. Our antisubmarine warfare capabilities have been left seriously inadequate, new fighter planes held up, and new strategic weaponry left on the drawing boards.

This mismanagement has dangerously weakened the ability of the United States to meet future crises with great power and decisiveness. All the world was respectful of America's decisive strategic advantage over the Soviets achieved during the Eisenhower Administration. This superiority proved its worth in the Cuban missile crisis six years ago. But now we have had an augury of things to come—a shameful, humiliating episode, the seizure of the *USS Pueblo* and its crew, with devastating injury to America's prestige everywhere in the world.

—GOP Platform, 1968

Twenty years ago the superiority of the United States was unquestioned. We had a monopoly on nuclear weapons. That, of course, has changed. We find that even eight years ago when General Eisenhower left office, the superiority of United States was unquestioned. Seven-to-one in our favor would be a conservative estimate insofar as missile delivery capability is concerned.

We find today that the balance of power in the world has shifted. We are probably equal in terms of deliverable capability as far as quantity is concerned, and we find that when we consider first-strike capability that the

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danger to the United States is becoming very significant.
—RMN speech, New Orleans, La., Sept. 12, 1968

Within a year the Soviet Union will catch the United States and, if we don't get a change of leadership and policy in Washington, will pass us in deliverable nuclear capability. According to a British study they already have equaled us and may have passed us in land-based nuclear deliverable capability.

Now, that changes the balance of power in negotiation in the world, and it means that whoever is President for the next four years may be in the very difficult position of having to negotiate from weakness rather than from strength. That's why I would restore the strength of the United States. That must be first priority. . . .

President Kennedy used to say—he said it in his first inaugural, I remember it very well—"We must never fear to negotiate and we must never negotiate from fear." I think that's a good principle. We are going to establish our strength.

—RMN, California TV broadcast, Sept. 17, 1968

I disagree with the McNamara theory that parity with the Soviet Union is enough. I disagree with that because their goal in the world is different from ours, as was indicated by their move into Czechoslovakia and by the fact of their adventurism in the Mideast and by their support of the North Vietnamese in their aggression against South Vietnam.

The Soviet Union is a power which still is attempting to expand around the world. The United States, on the other hand, is a power whose goal is only peace. We are not attempting to dominate any part of the world; we are merely trying to assure the right of freedom of choice for other nations.

—RMN, *U.S. News* interview, Oct. 7, 1968

I do not mean that the United States maintain superiority for the purpose of threatening anybody or waging war. I do mean that, as you look at today's world, the Soviet Union's goal in the world is somewhat different than ours, strikingly different. They are still in an expansionist stage. Our goal in the world is defensive, to keep the peace.

—RMN, UPI news conference, Washington, Oct. 7, 1968

—Wide World

Richard Nixon accepts GOP nomination, 1968

Economic Principles

We accord high priority to vigorous economic growth and recognize that its mainspring lies in the private sector of the economy. We must continue to foster a healthy climate in that sector. We reject the concept of artificial growth forced by massive new federal spending and loose money policies. The only effective way to accelerate economic growth is to increase the traditional strength of our free economy—initiative and investment, productivity and efficiency.

—GOP Platform, 1960

To build a better America with broad national purposes such as high employment, vigorous and steady economic growth and a dependable currency, responsible management of our federal finances is essential. Even more important, a sound economy is vital to national security. While leading Democrats charge us with a "budget balancing" mentality, their taunts really reflect their frustration over the people's recognition that as a nation we must live within our means. Government that is careless with the money of its citizens is careless with their future.

—GOP Platform, 1960

This Administration . . . has, despite pledges of economy, burdened this nation with four unbalanced budgets in a row, creating deficits totaling $26 billion, with still more debt to come, reflecting a rate of sustained deficit spending unmatched in peacetime.

—GOP Platform, 1964

We need more economy in government and less government in the economy. . . .

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The economy cannot afford four more years of abuse from irresponsible federal managers without suffering grave and perhaps permanent damage. The damage done thus far can and must be repaired by a new Administration committed to the economics of responsibility. There is nothing the matter with the engine of free enterprise that cannot be corrected by placing a prudent and sober engineer at the throttle.

—RMN Statement
to Resolutions Committee
of GOP Convention,
July 31, 1968

The dynamism of our economy is produced by millions of individuals who have the incentive to participate in decision-making that advances themselves and society as a whole. Government can reinforce these incentives, but its over-involvement in individual decisions distorts the system and intrudes inefficiency and waste.

—GOP Platform, 1968

—*We must* mobilize the resources, talents and energy of public and private sectors utilizing the unique strength and initiative of state and local governments.

—*We must* re-establish fiscal responsibility and put an end to increases in the cost of living.

—GOP Platform, 1968

The balance of payments crisis must be ended, and the international position of the dollar strengthened. We propose to do this, not by peremptory efforts to limit American travel abroad or by self-defeating restraints on overseas investments, but by restraint in federal spending and realistic monetary policies, by adjusting overseas commitments, by stimulating exports, by encouraging more foreign travel to the United States and, as specific conditions require, by extending tax treatment to our own exports and imports comparable to such treatment applied by foreign countries. Ending inflation is the first step toward solving the payments crisis.

—GOP Platform, 1968

The Poor

This Administration has refused to take practical free-enterprise measures to help the poor. . . .

It has demonstrated little concern for the acute problems created for the poor by inflation. Consumer prices have increased in the past three-and-a-half years by almost 5 per cent, amounting in effect to a 5 per cent national sales tax on the purchases of a family living on fixed income.

—GOP Platform, 1964

Needed in Washington today is new leadership with both an understanding of modern economic conditions and an appreciation of traditional economic principles. The new Administration will recognize that deliberate inflation is deliberate injustice—a form of government aggression against the thrifty, the retired and the poor.

—RMN Statement to Resolutions Committee of GOP Convention, July 31, 1968

Controls

[Senator Kennedy] has made the suggestion that what we need is to move in the direction of more government controls. . . .

I think this is the wrong direction. I don't think this has worked in the past. I do not think it will work in the future.

—RMN, Kennedy-Nixon debate,
Sept. 26, 1960

I believe the greatest mistake we could make would be to lose faith in the basic principles of our economic system. I think that where Mr. Stevenson made a mistake, I think where Senator Kennedy falls into the same error, is to assume that the way to increase economic growth in this country is frankly to change our approach by massively increasing government participation in the economy, government controls, government spending. . . .

—RMN, NBC-TV, Oct. 15, 1960

This Administration has violently thrust federal power into the free market in such areas as steel prices, thus establishing precedents which in future years could critically wound free enterprise in the United States. . . .

—GOP Platform, 1964

New Republican leadership can and will restore fiscal integrity and sound monetary policies, encourage sustained economic vitality, and avoid such economic distortions as wage and price controls.

—GOP Platform, 1968

The imposition of price and wage controls during peacetime is an abdication of fiscal responsibility. Such controls treat symptoms and not causes. Experience has indicated that they do not work, can never be administered equitably and are not compatible with a free economy.

—RMN, "A New Direction
for America's Economy,"
July 6, 1968

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REVENUE-SHARING AND FAP

High Cost of Good Intentions

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

THERE IS a salutary tendency among conservatives to be suspicious of good intentions which are to be translated into good works through the beneficence of good government. And now, if more proof were needed, we are faced with the imminent passage of two landmark pieces of national legislation—revenue-sharing and welfare "reform."

The pain which must be endured when (if?) these two laws are signed by the President will be especially acute for many of us, since much of their early impetus came from well-meaning conservatives. In the enthusiasm for revenue-sharing and welfare reform (as originally proposed), many conservatives, particularly conservative academics, saw an opportunity to substitute local government and individual responsibility for the often arbitrary, frequently confused and always obscure edicts of an ever-expanding federal bureaucracy.

So far as revenue-sharing was concerned, instead of several hundred different federal aid programs, each with its own set of forms, eligibility criteria, funding provisions and administrators, state and local governments would receive unrestricted funds, to be spent according to local priorities and—for better or worse—administered by local officials accountable to a local electorate. The possibility of replacing a remote federal bureaucracy with local administrators, and of using a portion of locally raised federal tax monies in accordance with local priorities rather than those established by free-spending legislators in Washington was enough to cause some conservatives to sign on the revenue-sharing bandwagon and even to share in its original design.

A somewhat similar reasoning process took place when it came to welfare reform. The concept of replacing at least 26 federally administered "income maintenance" programs—Social Security, unemployment insurance, public housing, food stamps, aid to dependent children, rent subsidies, Medicare and a host of others—with a single cash grant to be spent according to individual desires was highly appealing. Given that society as a whole has an obligation to those on the lower rung of the ladder, let us tender our assistance in the most effective, least demeaning manner possible, it was reasoned. Not only will a cash grant enable recipients to maximize their satisfaction when resources are transferred from the more to the less fortunate, but permitting individuals to choose how to spend those resources avoids imposing the mores and predilections of the donor on the grantee.

Conservatives who embraced revenue-sharing and welfare reform in their original guises were quick to point out that they supported them only on the assumption that the two programs were to be viewed as replacements for existing federal spending programs. If they were to be simply added to the vast array of programs already in being, then revenue-sharing and a cash-grant welfare program lost all of their theoretical advantages. Without pausing to consider seriously how realistic the "replacement assumption" was, some conservatives became instrumental in putting revenue-sharing and a single cash grant welfare program into the political process: Sunday supplement articles, *Newsweek* columns, congressional testimony, and ghost-written speeches; even a page or two in NATIONAL REVIEW.

The initial results of these forays into the political process succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of the progenitors. The President of the United States not only bought both revenue-sharing and welfare reform lock, stock and barrel, but he made them his own, turning them into two of the principal legislative goals of his Administration. It is inconceivable that without the initial element of conservative support for these two programs the President would have embraced them as enthusiastically as he did, nor would they be as close to becoming the law of the land as they are today.

But what has happened in the meantime? How many programs are the current versions of revenue-sharing and welfare reform actually going to replace? So far as the first is concerned, the $5.3 billion scheduled to be turned over to the states and municipalities this year will replace not a single federal program. And the only major program that welfare "reform" will replace is aid to dependent children, although the total cost will far exceed the current $6.7 billion. Food stamps, public housing, rent subsidies, unemployment insurance, Medicare and their like will all be with us. We now have the worst of all possible worlds: revenue-sharing, welfare reform and practically every other federal program which the first two were supposed to do away with.

It is tempting to attribute this debacle to the President. "He knew all along," this line of reasoning goes, "that he would compromise away the 'replacement' objective so that, come November 1972, revenue-sharing and welfare reform would be the law of the land, no matter how many of the existing programs remained in effect." In other words, the early conservative backers of revenue-sharing and welfare reform are crying, "We wuz robbed." To which I can only reply, "You shoulda known better."

It remained for John Byrnes (R., Wisc.) on the floor of the House, when the outcome of the battle over revenue-sharing in that body was already preordained, to spell it out:

> When a congressman or senator or the President of the United States identifies a public problem that needs solution, the Federal Government will not stand idly by expecting the states to assume full responsibility. Politicians at the national level want credit for resolving problems . . . let us be honest and admit that our constituents expect us to develop solutions to these problems as they arise, and that as politicians we will want to respond.

Byrnes understands, as few academics can, the dynamics of the American political process. While in theory revenue-sharing is supposed to become a net increment to local taxes and a return to localities of resources which have been so efficiently extracted by the federal

(Continues on page 966)

Mr. Burnham, formerly with the Federal Reserve System, is now working as a banker in Pittsburgh.

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THE NEW DISCRIMINATION OR . . .

. . . A Race by Any Other Name

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Is it on purpose that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) is parodying its office by threatening to withdraw federal aid from colleges like Columbia for lacking sufficient percentages of minority teachers? There are times when one wonders if HEW is not implementing its "affirmative action" program in order to discredit it, as Truman discredited the McCarran Immigration Act.

Clearly a place like Columbia has participated in the country's drive to eradicate racial discrimination (if not sexual), and it is ironic that such liberal institutions should be on the receiving end of the stick now. It is obviously impossible for them to change their faculties overnight, even if they wanted to; such are protected by rules of tenure which grew up to guarantee some degree of academic freedom and make social directives like those of HEW possible. As Nathan Glazer has observed, since the vast report of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission couldn't find (or didn't cite) any discrimination in these areas, it promptly changed its tack: In Glazer's words, "the test is not: Are members of minority groups discriminated against? It is: *Are they to be found in employment, at every level, in numbers equal to their proportion in the population?*"

This kind of nose-counting by skin color is a more virulent form of discrimination since it sails under the flag of anti-discrimination. At present only the universities will take it. In more solid, and less masochistic, areas of employment, employees are refusing to lie down under the new ethnic blackjacks. A New York State supreme court judge has struck down the city's proposed selection examination designed to favor blacks and Puerto Ricans as Police and Fire Department aides. (What, no women? Sexist!) Said judge pointed out that "merit and fitness" were the sole criteria in State Civil Service regulations; jolly John Lindsay had claimed that any such criteria "lock people out" and that ethnic surveys are necessary "because you have to know where you stand."

I was recently the recipient of a letter from my own college president inviting me to class myself ethnically. When I first came to America I was totally unfamiliar with all this racial labeling and simply put down "British" under *Race*; I still wonder if the courteous immigration officer who substituted "Caucasian" would have been able to tell me how many races there were in the world. As in the new HEW directive now, the diacritica for the classification then were political. Our Prexy's letter was an affable document suggesting that while the request was unconstitutional, so were the activities of the government agency forcing it upon him. If we simply tossed his questionnaire into the nearest trash can, as teacher organizations were urging us to do, he would be compelled to improvise an answer since he was required by law to furnish ethnic percentages of his payroll. As in Columbia's case, you had to guess by all you'd got—which was a name. My student Czerny Huang would thus get classed as Asiatic though she is in fact a white Polish Catholic married to a second-generation lawyer who looks vaguely Chinese (whatever that may be) but cannot speak the language.

Professor Diaz gets hastily and hopefully put into the Puerto Rican percentage when he is in truth a Spanish aristocrat of lineage, while white-sounding Terry O'Donovan is a native black. It reminds me that at one time Paul Robeson used to say that he was a singer, a lawyer, a Communist, a ballplayer—and a Negro. The category you picked revealed more about yourself than anything. Where is Bertrand Russell when we need him?

This repulsive state of affairs reached some sort of peak of self-parody in the San Francisco public school system recently, when a superintendent decided he had to *deselect* (i.e., fire) some of his staff along the HEW guidelines. Here nine ethnic categories were listed in this order: Negro/Black, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, American Indian, Filipino, Other Non-White, Spanish-Speaking/Spanish-Surname, and Other White. The quota ranking was supposed to reflect population proportions in the Bay area, but the American Indians, who were there first and have been longest abused, might feel justifiably indignant at their showing, I'd have thought. Into what slot do you put Sandra Laing, the South African girl who was classed *colored* in 1966 only to be reclassed *white* a year later? Or those celebrated "Japanese" tailors whom the State Department imported from Peru as human barter in 1942? The U.S. tried to deport them after the war to Japan, where they had never been, and when that misfired announced that of course they were really Peruvian, which they were until Peru refused to permit their re-entry. As Earl Raab has put it in *Commentary*, the whole maneuver is so much political hypocrisy and quite obnoxiously discriminatory—what of Jews, Greeks, Armenians in the San Francisco rating? "In short," he writes, "and in plain English, only whites—except for Spanish-Surname/Spanish-Speaking Whites—would de demoted."

Yet the HEW "affirmative action" directive (hire minorities or else) has had recruiting effect on craven campuses. William Buckley cites the department chairman of a leading New England college as writing, "We would especially welcome candidates belonging to ethnic minorities, or women equally with men." A disguised rephrasing of that old advice to immigrant Irish—No whites need apply. It is an irony of ironies that this is being written into law by a Republican Administration. The Irish, it could be argued, were at least voluntary newcomers; the New England WASP helped build the country and make HEW possible.

If this were a genuine redressing of balances—as it might be in the construction trade, say—one would be en-

(Continues on page 967)

Geoffrey Wagner has two books forthcoming in the fall: Another America, *a reaction to student violence, and* Five for Freedom, *studies of various fictional heroines as anticipatory of Women's Liberation.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Reflections of a Man on Four Legs

COLM BROGAN

I HAVE recently come down from Scotland to spend the summer in my old flat in Bloomsbury. This was easier said than done, for a series of mishaps has cramped my mobility. A couple of drastic operations, a broken arm, a minor stroke and a shattering fall have forced me to rely on a metal, four-legged frame for getting about. It is called a Zimmer, I believe, and with its aid I am able to jerk myself along at a speed considerably less than one mile an hour. For this I daily pour blessings on the head of Herr Zimmer, whoever he is, if ever he was.

This limited mobility has its disadvantages. For example I can take the Zimmer with me in a taxi, and I know I must go soon to Fleet Street, but how do I get my four-footed friend through the *Daily Telegraph*'s revolving door? Of course there are other doors but these are all bolted and barred as a precaution against bomb-happy IRA men. They would keep me out, though they don't the IRA.

On the other hand, as I move along my quiet backwater, nearly everybody speaks to me, and it is notable that the old, who are plentiful round here, wish their own disabilities onto me. Thus, I am praised for stoutly defying the ill results of a) a bad heart attack, b) a severe car accident, c) thrombosis, d) Parkinson's Disease, e) acute rheumatism. Children envy me my Zimmer and look for a chance of playing with the unusual toy.

However, I came down from Scotland to take a look at the metropolitan scene, though my range of observation is necessarily limited. Living only a stone's throw from University College and the royal drama school, I can observe the student population streaming past. Recent years have brought some changes. Long hair is almost universal among the young men and lush beards, mustaches and sideburns are common, but both sexes seem to have abandoned melodramatic eccentricity in dress. There is no one like the girl I used to see here, a slightly built lassie, shy-looking and with a pale prettiness that would fade soon. She was dressed in a greatcoat of the Imperial Russian Army.

The student world has abandoned militancy, at least for the time being. Some years ago the students' union near my flat was occupied by students from different colleges throughout London. The authorities took no action but the rugby players did. These exceedingly muscular young men marched up to the door and said, "Out, you bums, out," and the apostles of Student Power meekly obeyed, though not before some of them had borne their witness by defecating in the swimming pool. Nothing much has happened since to the University, but something grim has happened to another institution around the corner from my flat.

This is the Marlborough, one of the few pubs in Bloomsbury, mentioned quite frequently in the writings, fictional and factual, about Bloomsbury: It has even earned a mention in the *New Yorker*.

A few years ago, it was a shabby place, with a restaurant, a saloon and a public bar. There were a few battle trumpets on the wall and a tapestry depicting the Battle of Blenheim, or perhaps some other of Marlborough's victories. The bar was furnished with wooden benches and chairs, and a few tables of unpleasing design and considerable instability. Any man I brought in there for the first time could be relied on to ask me why I used so shabby a place, but after a couple of visits he would understand. There was nearly always someone worth talking to, an elderly man who had been one of the great fencing masters of Europe, a former star of romantic musicals with a rich knowledge of theatrical dirt, a very old lady who spoke excellent French, which she had picked up in the Folies-Bergère, that *succursale* of the Sorbonne, as one of the original troupe of dancing Teller girls. There was a cluster of academics from the university (including Emery, the great Egyptologist), who had a couple of rickety tables reserved for them. Even among the crowd of university and dramatic students there were some worth talking to for a short time. And there were literary gents connected with the *Spectator*.

Now all is changed, changed utterly, a terrible something or other has been born. The destroying spirit of Improvement has seized the place. The two bars are now one; the old linoleum has been replaced by thick carpeting; the chairs and plain tables have been replaced by tub chairs in green imitation leather. A fruit machine and juke box have been installed. My academic friends took one look at the improvements and vanished forever.

Now, when I go there I see none of the old familiar faces, but there is always the juke box. It has a record of "Amazing Grace," played by the Scottish Dragoon Guards. This record has been Top of the Pops for five weeks so far and is approaching its first million copies. The words of the hymn were written by John Newton, a most reprobate sailor who was converted in a terrible storm at sea. Perhaps its success is a sign of the union of religion and entertainment. It is not the only one. A religious bookshop advertises the Bible by a placard, "Godspell—Read the Book of the Show"; and the producer of *Jesus Christ Superstar* is also the producer of *Oh! Calcutta!* and *The Dirtiest Show in Town*. An ecumenical type.

THE OTHER tunes played by the juke box are weepies. "When the Wild Rose Blooms Again" deals with separation and so does a number about September. But the grief is phony, for the wild rose *will* bloom again and September is not only, and inevitably, to remember; it will come round again. Real loss is not like that. I tried to recall a verse of more authentic mood.

Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into spring.
Faithful indeed the spirit that still remembers
After such years of change and suffering.

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Try that on a juke box. Emily Brontë knew how "existence could be cherished, fed and preserved without the aid of Joy." That's the difference between poetry and pop. As McDougal said, sentimentality is having sentiments about sentiments. In other words, Pop is Slop. All of it.

Above the bar there are paintings of famous people connected with Bloomsbury. They are not good paintings. In fact, they remind me of the portraits of Scottish monarchs in Holyrood Palace, all done on a contract basis by an artist who had nothing to work on, except his own imagination—and that was paralyzed. From where I sat they were hard to make out, but it was easy to see that the last two were poets. They looked very like each other, and had long, loose hair falling languidly over the brow. That made them poets or painters, but their dress put the matter beyond doubt. They had white shirts, wide open at the neck, which is a firm guarantee of poetry. Painters would have worn big floppy ties.

To discern which poets they were, I had to go nearer. So I got a grip on Old Faithful and went over to see. They were Thomas Gray and Shelley. But for the nameplate you wouldn't know one from the other, but in life the difference must have been clear. After all, one was a Cambridge man and the other was Oxford. Shelley was expelled from Oxford (after being expelled three times from Eton, which made the title his own). Grey as a Don expelled himself from Cambridge when undergraduates arranged a booby trap for him. He stayed away for years. Plainly not the man to deal with student power.

There were surprises in the list. There was one man with a buttoned-up collar and a buttoned-up mouth and a businesslike beard that made him look like a Victorian banker. Plainly, neither a poet nor painter. In fact, it was D. G. Rossetti, who was both. He was the man who cast his poetry remorsefully into the grave of his mistress, and afterwards dug it up again—perhaps when the wild rose bloomed again.

Further along there was a painting of a young man which much interested me. His face was sharp, thin and pale, and his hair was spiky. I thought he must be one of the more intense young men of the Bloomsbury Set. I went to see. So help me, it was Virginia Woolf. Novelist. Or so they say. If *Mrs. Dalloway* is a novel, then a soufflé is a sirloin of beef. One must not speak ill of the dead. She was a wretchedly unhappy woman and a cause of unhappiness in others.

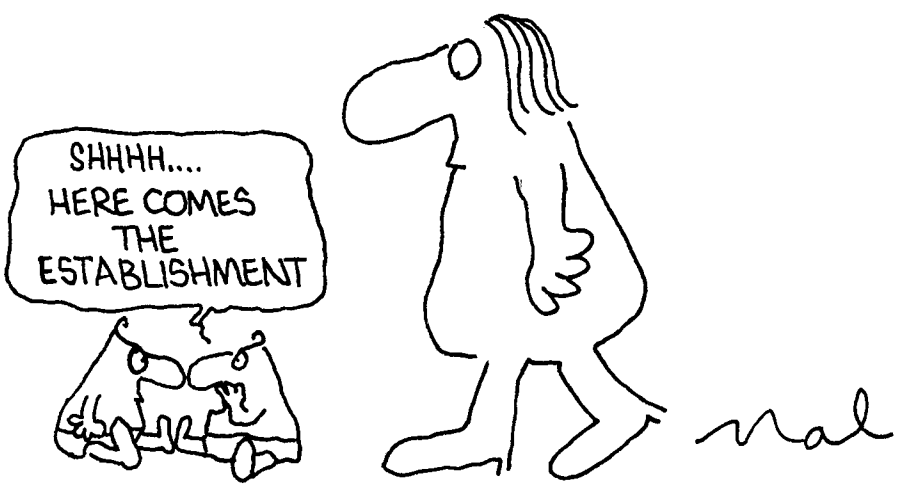
But where were the others of the Bloomsbury Set, that glittering galaxy? Where was the portrait of Keynes, who has given so many politicians an enlightened reason for bribing the electorate, increasing the purchasing power of the masses, and reducing the purchasing power of the currency? Where was that patron of arts and letters and Arab boys? Where was Lytton Strachey, the ear fetishist and student of judicial tortures, who presented history as a Chamber of Sniggers? Where Clive and Vanessa Bell? Where, above all, was E. M. Forster, the Master whose spirit permeated Bloomsbury like a distillation of the best-quality fog?

Somehow or other, the stars of the Bloomsbury galaxy have lost a lot of their luster. What mostly remains is their peculiar character. Lytton Strachey became celebrated by picturing famous people as absurd, but not even his caricatures were one-tenth as absurd as he was himself. Some of them were tragic characters, like Carrington and Gerald Brenan. Many were homosexuals, whole- or part-time, and many were dishonorably malicious gossips. Among them the suicide rate was high, and yet something faintly absurd remains. Their varied loves, homo and heterosexual, had the air of a French farce in drag. What heightened the absurdity was their self-satisfaction. They were the children of Principia Ethica, and, however they behaved, they felt that in essence they were above ordinary erring humanity. They were the elite, the chosen, the loftily disinterested. It is a pity that H. G. Wells did not send-up these people instead of employing his excellent talent for bitchiness on Beatrice Webb and poor old Henry James.

In deference to the spirit of Bloomsbury I read *Howards End* once more and I revised my opinion of the Master's work. I had considered this novel to be in the upper bracket of the second class. Now I place it in the lower bracket. The characters are stereotypes, and the elder Wilcox is caricature. Leonard Bast, the lower-middle-class clerk, would have come to life in the hands of H. G. Wells or to some gloomy half-existence in the hands of George Gissing. But Forster makes nothing of him, for Forster knew nothing of that kind of man: He brings sympathy and snobbery but nothing more. As for the women, they are much what should be expected, considering what the Master was. I haven't re-read *A Passage to India* yet. There are limits to my local piety.

There are many more pictures than those I have mentioned but I got a crick in the neck looking up at them. I went outside in no cheerful mood. Not only has the Marlborough lost its old flavor, but four Fleet Street pubs have vanished altogether in the last two years. So the attractions of a visit in Fleet Street are much diminished.

Still, complaint is presumption. "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Or so we are told in the Book of the Show. □



Mr. Brogan writes regularly for NR *on the British scene.*

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Tax-Supported Schools: Side Effects

THE EDUCATIONAL results of several generations' experience with nationalized, socialized, tax-supported, universally compulsory public education are obvious to everyone. One of the lessons of economics is that all governmental interventions are counterproductive, and governmental efforts to improve the level of education have come a cropper, on schedule, in accord with theory. What is less often remarked is that the analysis of the failure of government need not stop with the usual conclusion that the program has backfired. In every case we may find that it has not only backfired but it has scorched a few innocent bystanders in the process.

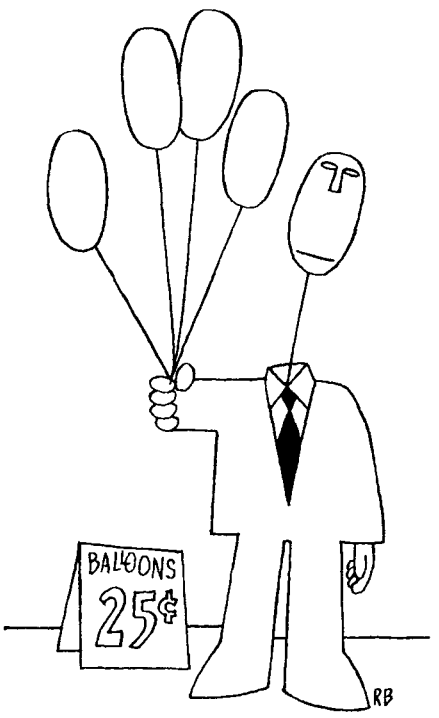
In my neck of the woods there is a beautiful farm. It has been in the same family since the early eighteenth century. It was probably a self-sufficient farmstead until 1850 or so. Then the railroad came through and brought Manhattan to within a 45-minute ride. That was a hundred years ago; today, thanks to governmental regulation, it takes more than an hour to make the ride. Well sir, with a good transportation link the population moved further from the city. Farms began to turn into gentleman's farms, and those gentlemen began to become richer gentlemen when they turned their farms into residential acres. The population zoomed, and at the same time there was introduced a law requiring everyone to pay taxes, based on real-estate values, to pay for the education of those children who happened to arrive in the neighborhood somehow. The school tax alone, on the lovely farm I'm thinking of, is $5,000 a year now. The tax is not paid, because the family simply doesn't have that kind of cash. The town elders have given them "forgiveness" as an act of mercy (they are a couple of spinster sisters, the name has daughtered out, and they are guilty of nothing more serious than wanting to live at home during a period when their neighbors have decided to socialize something as expensive as the schooling bureaucracy). The school system adopted in this neighborhood (and in all neighborhoods) will sooner or later dispossess these innocent residents. And where will their hired hand live then? Will he be forced onto the relief rolls in his old age (he is a bachelor, in his seventies, and lives in a one-room cabin on the place, which has been fine for him for fifty years but would be judged inadequate by the fancy administrators of government)?

And the whole trip is unnecessary. As the people moved in, they brought high standards with them. They insisted on fine public schools and they got better-than-average schools. Word went around that this neck of the woods had good schools. Families with school-age children crowded into town. The result is that just about every house in town provides shelter for a family with school-age children. Thus every family pays school taxes that approach the level of full-cost pricing of school services. And of course this means that the average family pays as much in school taxes as it would pay if it hired a private school to produce the same service. The "savings" of using tax-supported schools disappear as soon as those who don't want or need the schools manage to escape from the tax. Thus the compulsory feature of the tax-supported system loses its justification, if it ever had any.

Further: you can see that if the school tax is "justified" only for those families who have children in school, then once the birds have flown the nest the parents scram out of this community as fast as they can. There is a sad social consequence of this. Instead of having a community with a natural and normal cross-section of age groups, we have a monotone of junior execs, bulging wives and local tradesmen. There are no grandparents here: Why should they keep on paying the school tax? Grandparents disappear—back to the city, down South, who knows where they go? One of the delights of childhood is a nice indulgent grandparent—a delight made all too rare by our school-tax system. It doesn't even save money for parents, now that the clustering of such families has raised the tax to the level of private tuition.

It seems clear that the present system of schooling/taxing is a great disaster not only for the pupils (cf. any recent study of educational achievement) but also for the parents and the grandparents of the pupils and for those people who are not parents or grandparents of pupils. The disaster is, therefore, well nigh universal in its social effects. Time for a change, I say. Time to put schools on a free-market competitive basis.

Along this line I savor the remark of Senator Philip Hart of Michigan when he learned that his wife had refused to pay income taxes because she is against the war in Southeast Asia. The good Senator explained that he, too, opposed the war in Southeast Asia, but he thought people should pay their taxes. And he did say: "If every citizen were allowed to pay taxes for only those programs he liked, then there would be no rational structure of government." Think that one over. □



William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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RUSSELL KIRK

Urban Renewal in Naboth's Vineyard

THE CITY OF CHICAGO is eager to demolish an apartment house on Woodlawn Avenue, but for the second time the city faces an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States meant to prevent this housebreaking. The thorn in the city's flesh is Dr. Frederika Blankner, aged seventy, a retired professor of classics. She owns the building, and she believes in the doctrine of due process of law.

The Blankner apartment house, with its eighteen flats, is a solid structure of stone and brick, good-looking and adequately maintained; it has been fully tenanted. Dr. Blankner likes the building, which she inherited. The city urban-renewal gentry have forced out all other owners and tenants in the surrounding hundred acres of southside Chicago, and repeatedly have tried to get rid of Dr. Blankner through the doctrine of eminent domain; they have offered her a price far below the present cost of erecting a similar building, and indeed below the sum she could have obtained by mortgaging the building in recent years.

Why doesn't the city leave Dr. Blankner alone? Because the University of Chicago wants the site of her building for a parking-lot, and the whole area was arbitrarily declared "slum and blight" in the interest of the university's renewal schemes—which amount (as so often in urban "renewal") to Negro removal. The University doesn't desire to be choked by slums, understandably. Whether it is necessary to destroy sound buildings and expel decent owners and tenants in the course of such renewal or removal, is another question.

At great expense and trouble to herself, over the past several years, Dr. Blankner has fought this case. She really believes that the Constitution of the United States means what it says: She stands on the ground that a citizen may not be deprived of property without due process of law. If one reviews the Blankner case, one finds that indeed the city of Chicago acted in disregard, repeatedly, of proper procedures for the exercise of "eminent domain." Dr. Blankner is more interested in bringing about enforcement of the Constitution than in saving her own property.

The Supreme Court of these United States, so sensitively concerned for various civil rights, has been curiously indifferent to the right to possess property, ever since the Johnson Administration commenced "renewal" on a massive scale. This June, the Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal by Miss Blankner. She has filed a fresh appeal to the Supreme Court, on other grounds —notably the recent *Fuentes* v. *Shevlin* decision of the Court, in which due process in the acquisition of real property is emphasized (though that is a case concerning private buyers and sellers, not eminent domain).

Meanwhile, the city of Chicago is acting to seize Miss Blankner's building even though the new appeal to the Supreme Court is pending. The city renewers would expel Miss Blankner's tenants as soon as possible, and then raze the building before the Supreme Court might act.

So Miss Blankner now urgently appeals to Justice William Rehnquist for a stay, pending the Supreme Court's decision on a rehearing of her case. Her lawyers put the matter succinctly:

> If the stay order previously in force remains withdrawn, the city of Chicago will immediately proceed toward the demolition of the premises. Ninety-day notices of the pending demolition will be sent by the city to the tenants of the building forthwith and the tenants will stop paying rent, move out in piecemeal fashion, and the building will become abandoned, vandalized, and probably destroyed by arson, following the typical pattern in the Woodlawn area of Chicago.

Too true. In Woodlawn as in so many other urban districts, the municipality's urban-renewal agency appears to have encouraged deliberately a deterioration of the neighborhood, to justify its classification as a "slum and blight" region.

Mr. George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, recently declared that the urban-renewal program of the Federal Government has been a dismal failure, virtually everywhere. Just before he left the governor's chair in Michigan, Mr. Romney pointed out that the principal causes of the great Detroit riots had been the disintegration and dislocation caused by Detroit's urban renewal and federal highway building. President Nixon, too, knows that this alleged "renewal" ordinarily has been the creation of urban deserts and jungles. Yet the Executive Force in Washington does not venture to interfere directly with "renewal" projects already authorized, and the federal courts shrug their shoulders at the whole undertaking, most dubious though its constitutionality has been from the beginning.

Isn't it high time to renew the protections of due process of law, where real property is concerned—and save what has not yet been ruined by the wrecker's ball? Isn't it high time to amend this ruinous social policy of veiled "Negro removal," which in effect drives tenants to double up in real slums or to flee to public housing where virtual anarchy reigns? Isn't it high time to *renew* imaginatively, rather than to destroy—to promote the physical and communal rehabilitation of urban neighborhoods?

AND ISN'T it high time to think about Naboth's vineyard? Doesn't Dr. Blankner have more right to her apartment building, as it stands, than the University of Chicago has a right to convert the site into a parking-lot?

Just conceivably, the Supreme Court may be moved to hear Dr. Blankner's second appeal, and even to accept her proofs that she has been denied due process of law, ever since 1964, in defiance of both the federal Constitution and of the statutes of Illinois. If the Supreme Court won't act, cannot the Department of Housing and Urban Development, or even the White House, be persuaded to redress at least this one case of injustice, by intervening in exemplary fashion to restrain the city of Chicago? Does no one but Dr. Blankner try to resist Leviathan? □

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BOOKS

And No Birds Sing

The Coming of Age
By Simone de Beauvoir
Putnam, 585 pp., $10

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

No man cheats death. But death can cheat man at any hour of his existence. It can snatch the babe in the cradle, the youth at the peak of his physical abilities, the adult in his intellectual prime. In *The Coming of Age*, Simone de Beauvoir contends that when death cheats man only of his old age, it seldom cheats him of much.

"It's the world's pity," cried Buddha, when he was still the young Prince Siddartha, "that weak and ignorant beings, drunk with the vanity of youth, do not behold old age." De Beauvoir's book is a long and resounding echo of that compassionate and indignant cry. The essential aim of her consistently fascinating and brilliant work is to break the conspiracy of silence about the dismal fate of the aged in today's affluent, youth-oriented Western culture. "As far as old people are concerned," she says, "this society is not only guilty, it is criminal."

Old age is a biological fact which no one who lives long enough can avoid or evade. But old age is also a psychological and cultural fact. Man is a social being. He is never to be found living alone in nature. The total social situation in which the old find themselves profoundly affects their psychological attitudes, and this, in turn, affects the process of their physical and mental degeneration. The progressive diminishments and attendant miseries of old age are irreversible. But they can be mercifully eased, and even delayed, or they can be brutally intensified, and hastened, depending on the attitudes toward old age prevalent in society.

THE BASIC condition of senescence, as of infancy, is one of helplessness and dependence. Like the child, the old person cannot defend his "rights," or acquire status by his own efforts. But unlike the young, who can hope to win status in the future, the futureless old are without hope. Status can never be won by themselves—it must always be granted by the younger members of society.

In the monumental scope of de Beauvoir's book, she reviews the status granted to the old in many ethnological and historical societies. Her findings are lugubrious. In the great majority of cultures, both primitive and civilized, the old have been considered a burden, and, at best, have been treated, or rather, maltreated, as unwanted, useless and repulsive objects. They have been mocked, beaten, abandoned to wild beasts, or starvation. Not infrequently they have been put to death, and by their own children. Seldom in mankind's history have the old been accorded status. (The honor and authority, consideration and respect enjoyed by the old in Chinese civilization is a curious and notable historical exception.)

INSOFAR AS de Beauvoir has been able to identify the social factors which can lead a society to grant status to its elders, she notes the following four that seem to her to be more than merely fortuitous:

1. A society's need for the experience and wisdom of the old. In primitive and illiterate societies, the old may serve as community memory-banks. As sages, they are then relied upon to transmit their accumulated practical knowledge, and the history or lore of the tribe to the oncoming generations. They may also be permitted to survive in counselor or priestly roles, when these roles are deemed useful. They may also be accorded the honored role of seers, soothsayers or prophets. Being so near themselves to "the next world," a society may endow them with magical powers, or religious insights and intuitions. (What need, indeed, does a computerized society have for the accumulated knowledge of the old, or their reputed gift of foretelling the future?)

2. The cultural stability and homogeneity of the society. Social stability, a characteristic of agricultural, or rooted, societies, encourages close familial relationships. A society that is not on the move, or the march, experiences the old as less of an encumbrance. In an agricultural community—provided it is thriving—there is enough food to share with the old, and there always remain residual tasks which even the dotard can usefully perform. But the

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LIBERATED SCHOLARSHIP. Of the 31 titles announced by the University of Illinois Press in its fall catalog, about two-thirds fall under the rubric of radical chic. Eleven books on blacks make up the biggest minority, ranging from black scholarship (two volumes by Booker T. Washington) to black sociology (*Before the Ghetto*; *Rappin' and Stylin' Out*). Women's Lib rates four titles, and books like *Theory of Culture Change* and *The Supreme Court and Social Science* are at least as relevant as Mayor Daley. And, just so the folks back home don't get the idea their tax dollars are financing the Eastern Liberal Establishment, there's *Poisonous Plants of the Midwest and Their Effects on Livestock*. Poisonous plants, indeed.

■ JUST OUT: Interesting idea: *The Catalogue of Catalogues: The Complete Guide to World-Wide Shopping by Mail* by Maria Elena de La Iglesia (Random House, $10; paperback, $4.95). . . . Irving Schiffer, former pr boss of the New York Liberal Party, out with a novel, *A Great Place to Visit*, that's reported to Tell All about Gotham politics (Arlington, $7.95). . . . James Coote unveils *A Picture History of the Olympics* for Macmillan ($12.95). . . . Peter Sedgwick provides the first English translation of Victor Serge's classic, *Year One of the Russian Revolution* (Holt, $10).

■ COMING IN OCTOBER: Saul Padover helped assemble *Karl Marx on America and the Civil War* (McGraw-Hill, $15; paperback, $3.95). . . . Murray Kempton pants over the Panther 21 in *The Briar Patch* (Dutton, $6.95). . . . Martin Larson reports on what happens in places *When Parochial Schools Close* (Luce, $7.50) . . . Edgar Snow's last, sigh, visit to Red China is chronicled in *The Long Revolution* (Random House, $8.95). . . . What can be left after a title like *The Jewish-Japanese Sex and Cook Book and How To Raise Wolves*? By Jack Douglas (Putnam, $5.95). . . . Paul Goodman plays guru in *Little Prayers and Finite Experience* (Harper, $4.95).

■ FALL SPORTS BOOKS: George Sullivan examines *The Great Running Backs* from Thorpe and Grange to Csonka and Kiick (Putnam, $7.95, Sept.). . . . Donald Davidson got sick at six, grew up only four feet tall. So he became batboy for the Boston Braves, today at 46 is an aide to the president of the Atlanta Braves. He tells his story in *Caught Short* (Atheneum, $5.95). . . . Larry Borstein unfolds the saga of college basketball's greatest team in *UCLA's Fabulous Bruins* (St. Martin's, $5.95, Dec.). . . . Paul Michael retells *Professional Football's Greatest Games* (Prentice-Hall, $9.95, Dec.).

fate of the old, in all urban class civilizations, is invariably tragic.

3. The economic well-being of the society. In general, affluence lessens the economic load which the old lay upon the shoulders of the struggling young. Moreover, some of the young, by their own efforts, manage to amass considerable property. In their maturity, they "secure their old age," by passing laws which permit them to retain it until death, and to pass it on to their heirs. The rich old man has status. However, what is respected is not his age, but his wealth. And the lot of the poor and old, even in affluent societies, remains wretched.

4. The condition of the aged members of a family can be eased by the somewhat selfish realization of the mature members of a society that the fate they mete out to their oldsters will eventually become their own fate. To honor one's aging parents offers the best insurance that one's children will honor theirs.

Mme. de Beauvoir, who is Sartre's most famous disciple of Existentialism, is also a Marxian Socialist. Predictably enough, her villain is our contemporary capitalistic system and its bourgeois culture. She makes, on the whole, a powerful and well-documented indictment of its shameful treatment of its most helpless minority. "Old, poor, wretched and despairful" is a phrase, she finds, full of tautologies. In a utilitarian, profit- and youth-oriented class society, the unproductive old are treated as so much scrap. "The human stock is of interest only insofar as it is profitable." Outcasts and pariahs, the old are banished to nursing homes, hospitals and mental institutions, where they are forgotten and virtually abandoned to ignominious death. The rich and well-to-do—who are few—are incomparably more comfortable in their old age than the poor. But they, too, suffer agonies of spirit in our society which downgrades precipitously the human worth of the person who can no longer "stay on top of his job." The shameful passion with which elderly men cling to positions of power and authority is born of the bitter, if belated, awareness that in our society the retired old man is a nothing.

Mme. de Beauvoir gives our present system scant credit for the strides it has made in the industrial age to ameliorate the problem of the aged. (Such credit as she gives goes to the labor unions.) She notes the advances made in the sciences of geriatrics and gerontology, the benefits flowing to the old from Medicare, Medicaid, employee pension plans, welfare benefits etc. But these, in her view, are so paltry that they do not alter the dismal existential situation of the old. She seems doubtful that anything will do so, short of a Marxian revolution. Paradoxically enough, in her study of historical societies, Mme. de Beauvoir points out that in revolutionary periods, youth is always in the saddle, and that when youth rides high, wide and handsome, the old, who are living symbols of the hated past, are the first to be trodden under. The savage contempt of today's rebellious youth for anyone over thirty, which we call the Generation Gap, is an omen of how the old may be expected to fare in a Western socialist revolution. Mao Tse-tung's Red Guard youngsters are said to have murdered thousands of "grey heads" in the name of the Cultural Revolution.

Nevertheless, and again, predictably enough, Mme. de Beauvoir suggests that the condition of the aged—in any event, their psychological condition—is better in the socialist countries, although with commendable objectivity, she admits that her views on this score are based on "reports" she herself has not been able to verify.

For this reader, the unforgettable chapters of de Beauvoir's book, which give it rich literary worth, are those describing the old age of a score of the world's geniuses, many of them octogenarians. Here, among others, are extraordinary vignettes of the senescence of Michelangelo, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Fontenelle, Goethe, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Freud, Marshal Pétain, Churchill, de Gaulle.

The conclusion she draws from her own study of these "greats" in their ripe —or, as the case may be, rotten—old age, is one for readers of all ages to ponder. We make our old age, says de Beauvoir, in our youth. The attitudes we hold toward life and its meaning (and death and its meaning) we continue to display until death overtakes us.

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To remain intellectually involved and curious, and if the gift be given, creative, is the best way to hold senile boredom and melancholia at bay. If continuously and courageously exercised, the muscles of the mind and the sinews of the spirit are the last to decay. (De Beauvoir does not deny the courage and consolations that Faith offers to believers.) Mme. de Beauvoir, herself 64, must be counted as an "old woman" by today's tables of longevity. If so, she has magnificently proved her point about the durability of a well-exercised mind and spirit: She has written a masterwork in the springtime of her senility. □

The Modern Supreme Court
By Robert G. McCloskey
Harvard, 376 pp., $12.95

THE LIMITS TO JUDICIAL POWER

WALTER BERNS

According to all the evidence available to teachers of constitutional law, the late Robert G. McCloskey of Harvard was an excellent teacher of both undergraduates and graduates. This posthumously published book, brought forward with the editorial assistance of his student and successor, Martin Shapiro, displays in abundance some of those qualities that must have characterized his teaching: a seriousness in approach, a fairness in treatment, a dignity in manner, a thoroughness of analysis, a profound attachment to the subject he professed—constitutional law—as well as to the principles of constitutional government and the institutions, such as the Supreme Court, that make it possible in the United States. In his premature death in 1969, at the age of 53, Harvard and American political science, and especially the latter, suffered a loss they could ill afford.

McCloskey made no effort to keep up with the fashions in political science or in his particular branch of it; thus, he avoided the behavioral techniques and the narrow and uninteresting questions these techniques are designed to answer. His time and energy were not spent building models for use in predicting decisions; and it was of no concern to him whether Justice A earned more Shapley-Shubik power points than Justice B in Federal Employer's Liability Act cases, or whether it was his father-fixation or the toilet training provided by his mother that led Justice C to dissent in the Connecticut birth-control case. What mattered to McCloskey was the substance of the law expounded, and the regularity of the manner in which the Court expounded it.

The modern Supreme Court came into being in 1941, when Stone succeeded Hughes as Chief Justice, and McCloskey begins his study with an analysis of the work of the Court under Stone. It was questionable then whether the Supreme Court would be able to survive as a principal institution of American government. During the previous era of its history, from 1920 to 1936, the country had suffered (some would say, enjoyed) what the constitutional historians, McCloskey among them, have referred to as government by judiciary, and it was Stone himself, dissenting in a famous 1936 case, who was led to explode that "courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern." That period ended in the spring of 1937, when Franklin Roose-

velt challenged the Court with his so-called Court-packing bill, which, although never becoming law, led to the switch in time that saved nine. But saved them for what? This was a legitimate question then, because the work of the Court during those years leading up to 1937 had been overwhelmingly economic in character, and it was as clear as anything could be that the Court would never again pit its economic judgment (or what a majority insisted were the Constitution's economic principles) against that of the President and the Congress. Stated otherwise, it became clear in 1937 that the Court would henceforth be in no position to challenge the welfare state. Its retreat on the economic front, however, was a condition of its advance on another, that of civil liberties. The constitutional work of the modern Court is predominantly in this area.

McCloskey analyzes the beginning of this during Stone's term as Chief Justice, the advances and tergiversations under Vinson, and, at much greater length, and properly so, the further development and the culmination under Warren. Here, in careful detail, are the leading cases of the modern era: cases on freedom of speech and press, on freedom to organize and to join and to resist inquiry with respect to organizing and joining; cases on criminal procedure, and on religion, and on racial discrimination. As McCloskey makes clear, however, the history of the Court since 1937 is not one of regular progression or development. The Court under Earl Warren did more than merely carry on work begun under Stone and Vinson; it came close to asserting that it alone, among the various agencies of government, had the capacity to govern well. The scope of its activities is well set down in the following paragraph:

> The Warren Court has taken upon itself a major share of the responsibility for transforming a pattern of racial segregation deeply rooted in the social customs and laws of the nation. It has undertaken to stamp out or greatly alter the censorship arrangements that have prevailed in many of our states and cities. It has undertaken to eliminate, or reduce to a Court-defined limit, religious observances in government-supported activities. It has undertaken to supervise more closely than ever before our machinery of criminal law enforcement, including the pre-trial behavior of police. It has undertaken to modify in a fundamental way and to oversee the electoral apportionment systems of the several states and of Congress itself. It has asserted and enforced a measure of judicial control over certain national powers once largely immune from constitutional query—the postal power, the authority to issue passports, and the authority to define citizenship. It has sought, cautiously but unmistakably, to mitigate the asperities of governmental policies aimed

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at "subversives." What should be emphasized is that these tasks are largely new either in kind or degree: they have been assumed in addition to the already considerable responsibilities in civil rights and in other fields which the pre-1953 Court already bore. That earlier Court was indeed already trying to alter state criminal procedures and state patterns of racial discrimination, but it was moving toward those objectives more gradually. The modern judicial policies seek to push the United States along the paths of virtue a good deal faster, and the dimension of the judicial job has correspondingly increased. Other self-imposed functions —most notably the supervision of apportionment—are entirely novel. Even Marshall, with all his ambition and daring, might well be daunted by the prospect of governing a self-willed, dynamic nation in as many important ways as the Warren Court has sought to govern America.

McCloskey is a civil libertarian and a friend of the judicial power, but this does not prevent him from viewing the record of the Warren Court with misgivings.

THE Supreme Court is not, he insists, a superlegislature, and it is not proper to judge it by standards appropriate to a legislature. The Court, whatever its political role, is a court of law, and a court of law must be—and here he searches for the proper adjective—impartial, disinterested, neutral; perhaps the best way of putting it is to say that judges must be determined to reduce the element of fiat to the absolute minimum. The Warren Court did not always succeed in doing this. It failed badly to elucidate the standard by which it assumed jurisdiction in the reapportionment cases; some of its religious establishment cases rest on principles not to be found in the constitutional text; and "the civil liberties position adopted by the Chief Justice and Justices Black and Douglas smacks strongly of the judicial absolutism of the pre-1937 era." This accounts for its difficulties with the public and with the other branches of the government. "When the Court elects to deal with a subject that may tax judicial power," he says wisely, "it is prudent to ground itself on the firmest possible constitutional base."

McCloskey states the conclusion as well as it can be stated: "If the public should ever become convinced that the Court is merely another legislature, that judicial review is only a euphemism for an additional layer in the legislative process, the Court's future as a constitutional tribunal would be cast in grave doubt." □

Clare Boothe Luce *is a famed author and diplomat. . . .* **Walter Berns** *is the author of* Freedom, Virtue and the First Amendment. . . . **Garry Wills** *is a classicist, literary critic, columnist, political writer. . . .* **D. Keith Mano,** *called by Garry Wills America's Evelyn Waugh, and a regular contributor to* NR, *is at work on another novel.*

The Stranger in Shakespeare
By Leslie Fiedler
Stein and Day, 263 pp., $7.95

COME BACK TO THE RAFT, WILL HONEY

GARRY WILLS

Horatio: "O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"
Hamlet: "And therefore as a stranger give it welcome."

That is a passage one expects in a book with this title; but it never puts in an appearance—for two reasons. Fiedler is dealing with those "strangers" (witches, Moors, Jews) to whom he thinks Shakespeare does not give a welcome. And he is doing it in terms of his own drearily familiar "archetypes"—the castrating woman, the menacing dark man, the savage. These become less convincing the more they are made to explain. When they seemed tailored to American literature, they had some suasive power; but when we find them imposed just as easily on Shakespeare, the whole scheme becomes suspect. As Chesterton said of such mythical straitjackets: "The true origin of all the myths has been discovered much too often. . . . Everything is phallic; everything is totemistic; everything is seed-time and harvest; everything is ghosts and grave-offerings; everything is the golden bough of sacrifice; everything is the sun and the moon; everything is everything."

Fiedler never lets the play get in his way as he rearranges his old Patterns endlessly. Shakespeare, for instance, *does* seem to "welcome" Othello, but only (Fiedler argues) by comparison with his greater horror of the female temptress. But Desdemona is innocent? —yes, but as a rare exception, which makes her a more dangerous trap than La Pucelle herself! Besides, Fiedler says, we should approach Othello by way of Shakespeare's general attitude toward blackamoors, in light that is of the six black "characters" that Shakespeare "invented." Most people think there are only three Shakespearean Moors, one of them a minor figure (Morocco in *The Merchant*) and the other in a minor play (Aaron in *Titus*). But Fiedler adds to these Aaron's baby (a bunch of rags, not an actor) and two fleeting references to characters outside the plays entirely—just to have a gallery on which to impose his archetype.

How does the black man haunt white imaginations? As the lustful rapist. That is what Desdemona likes, and her father dislikes, about Othello. That is the focus of all Aaron's villainy. Yet Aaron does not perform the savage rape in *Titus*, a fact that "seems to deprive him of his mythic potency." Well, says Fiedler, another archetype must have intervened again—so that the rape will be performed by the witch's sons, since Shakespeare fears women more than men, and this play shows the author "less the manipulator of someone else's nightmare than the victim of his own," a man "possessed" of themes he cannot "exorcise."

FIEDLER CAN TELL US why Shakespeare departs from the play he should have written, as a matter of psychological evasion; or why he conforms to the archetypes, out of "obsession"; or how he jumps back and forth between rebellion and conformity as the critic overworks the terms "ambiguity" and "irony." Shylock's tragedy is really about incest, though Shakespeare could not bring himself to face that fact. The playwright manifests "hysteria" on the subject of hard liquor. He "feels himself betrayed" by the happy ending he must give his comedies. Themes sneak up on him, elude him, voice themselves despite him—he is the toy of the archetypes in their inexorable solicitings. Repeatedly Fiedler tells us what "the play appears to be saying, in its author's

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despite"—i.e., what Fiedler wants the play to be saying, to fit his hocus-pocus with the Patterns, while Shakespeare proves uncooperative.

Every now and then Fiedler has to touch base with the mind actually at work (but not as discerningly as Fiedler's own) in the writing of these plays. At times, the critic even feels that the author might have grasped a Pattern or two: "But 'Carthage' is a corruption of *Quarthadasht*, meaning 'new town,' an appropriate name for what was once the westernmost Phoenician colony; and its Greek equivalent is 'Neapolis,' which becomes 'Napoli' and 'Naples,' memorializing a second westward voyage to a second New World. It is doubtful that Shakespeare was aware of both these etymologies, yet they so suit the pattern of a play inspired by the opening of a third and final West, that we cannot dismiss the possibility out of hand."

FIEDLER cannot, it is clear, see the play for the Patterns, the tree for the forests. He cannot even get the story straight—e.g., he writes that Tamora's sons "rape Titus' daughter on the decapitated body of her lover." They don't, of course; the body is lowered down the stage trap to be discovered in this "pit," while Lavinia is dragged off to be raped elsewhere. Fiedler tells us why Shakespeare was "driven" by the need to give more action to jesters at a certain point in his psychological development (shades of Dowden!)—without reference to the fact that Robert Armin, a specialist in such roles, had joined the troupe. He gives a fanciful explanation of the need to make the same boy actor play Lady Macbeth and one of the witches—without reference to the performance conditions of a court play, where boys were plentiful (including three who could sing and dance the witch roles). When Fiedler cannot get these simple things straight, it is no wonder that Shakespeare's subtleties—as opposed to his own—fail to engage him. The play *Othello*, for instance, is more concerned with the fact that its hero is a soldier than that he is black; it deals with a martial rather than a racial pride, and its hero is more closely related to Hotspur than to Aaron. Yet, for Fiedler's purposes, Othello must be lumped together with an unnamed husband of a non-appearing "character" named Claribel. Shakespeare, you see, just does not interest Fiedler. Only Fiedler does. A taste, luckily, we do not have to share. □

FICTION

I Am Elijah Thrush
By James Purdy
Doubleday, 120 pp., $4.95

Captain Blackman
By John A. Williams
Doubleday, 336 pp., $6.95

The Innocents
By Margery Sharp
Little, Brown, 183 pp., $5.95

MEANINGS AND MANNERISMS

D. KEITH MANO

The blurb insists, "Outrageous, yet tender and oddly moving, the book reflects a surprising new facet of Purdy's remarkable talent." Rubbish. Purdy long ago let himself be stuffed and labeled, displayed in a modest niche: "Author, late Fifties/early Sixties; habitat: the absurd; range of species: very limited." Ten years ago Purdy was playing the same tacky games, experimenting then, mumbling rote now. David Daitches said of *Malcolm* (1959), "I know nothing like it in modern fiction." Perhaps so, in 1959. Now Purdy's rococo exaggerations, his corrupt nonsense characters seem dour and old-fashioned. Progress here is at best an illusion, as one instinctively whiplashes back when a train, on some other track, begins to move forward. If he seems up there with the leaders, it's because Purdy's been lapped once or twice in the race. Even at its prime the *Malcolm* genre had the ephemeral, self-destructive qualities of the Dadaist movement in painting.

YET *I Am Elijah Thrush* is a better book than *Malcolm*. Practice, God knows, will make perfect—even practice on a one-stringed instrument. This book seems cleaner, laced tight by the first-person narration. The "elemental" forces are embedded conveniently in a few characters: the rich old woman (a stock figure of the absurd), the nonagenarian mime-artist who is irresistibly attractive, a beautiful dumb boy, the Negro narrator hung up on a curious "habit" (his body is eaten at by some sort of eagle). Types inhabit Purdy's writing; his absurd machines can function only by black/white contrast. Characters cannot afford to be ordinary, they are immensely rich, quintessentially handsome, terribly evil. Then they are steeped, gasping, in the commonplace: shoes have the same value as thunderclaps; greetings are shrieked; death cries are uttered in a "pass the salt" tone.

Specific meanings need not apply. The proper business of *I Am Elijah Thrush*, of *Malcolm*, is literary meaning itself. For years loyal annotators have found in Purdy some complex satire or other on the abnormal and bloated aspects of contemporary American life. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Purdy's vocabulary, it is true, has been drawn from addiction, from sexual perverseness, from banality; his characters are American in their reach and their unalloyed hedonism. But Purdy, I suspect, is much less ambitious, even parochial. His novels are saprophytic; they feed on the manifestos of nineteenth- and twentieth-century symbolist authors—either consciously or unconsciously. The emblems in *I Am Elijah Thrush* are X's that might satisfy any number of quadratic equations. The tone of his books—monotonously apocalyptic in a noisy, minor key—imitates the packed significance of journeyman abstract painters and poets. As if *Guernica*, for instance, represented merely the destruction of some little girl's doll house. In that sense his books have been corrective. He disdains literature as liturgy. But this is a small sense, easily killed. I should think very few readers would care now. Even the most robust cancer cannot out-thrive its host.

CAPTAIN BLACKMAN is—well, he's Captain Black Man. There is that kind of doggedness in John A. Williams' novel: allegoric, doctrinaire, somewhat logy, somewhat trying. Williams has done extensive research on "The Black in American Military History." His facts are good: they surprise and dismay. Mechanically, though, the novel wheezes decrepitude. It has the tone, the assurance of a cheerful survey text for pre-teens: Adventures in American Black History.

Captain Blackman is wounded in Vietnam. While recuperating he hallucinates tremendously through an account of black soldiering in the American Army—she rubbed her eyes, it was all a dream—his Vietnam buddies used as a time-hopping repertory co., scarcely recostumed. And this stubborn train of thought is strictly a local, the early milk run, making all stops. Williams locates Captain or Sergeant or Private Blackman in every American

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war; Blackman fights bravely time after time and wins prejudice as his mustering out pay. The long period of Indian fighting (with its fruitful ironies), even the Spanish Civil War and an sf future conflict—Black Africa triumphant over the White West—are presented in chronological and post-chronological order. The reader treadmills along, parameters of his task set by page fifty.

History canvasses; art abstracts, condenses. Unhappily, *Captain Blackman* can do neither very well. There are too many wars here. Williams arranges each new game board perfunctorily: a few names, some geography, articles of paraphernalia, typical jargon, a battle. His treatment is perforce superficial. And the ideology, the everymen and everywomen, the broad, hopscotching spread of narrative saps an already windbroken artistic stamina. Repetitions, after the second or third, are invariably tiresome. A reader suspends his disbelief, then swiftly reinstates it. After all, one can easily become inured to white hypocrisy. That may be Williams' ultimate point: but too much—entertainment, impact—is sacrificed in the making of it.

The black contribution to American military history has been both significant and honorable. I learned from *Captain Blackman*. Williams' predictable bitterness, his Black Power demagogy, did not much affront me. But the subject requires better, more concentrated examination. A close historical accounting, I think, not a novel. Or, if a novel, two at least, or three or four.

LITTLE NEED be said about Margery Sharp's 27th novel, *The Innocents*. It's a tidy thing: the story of an older woman assigned to rear another's retarded child. Not terribly much is essayed, but all expectations are delivered on time and in good condition. Margery Sharp hasn't managed 27 novels without learning to pace herself just a bit. We are satisfied and pleased, but not particularly excited. In fact, excitement would be out of place, unseemly, vulgar.

Margery Sharp's control is admirable: it makes the book, no more, no less. Her first-person protagonist settles comfortably into an economical walk: neither circumstances, nor impatience will induce her to break gait. The style is an environment, the voice of her small East Anglian village, its temper and preoccupations: weather first, flowers, animals, housekeeping, gossip, then the retarded child who blurs into the village inventory like one of those puzzles, "How many faces can you find in this picture?" When the frivolous, headstrong mother re-enters, she jars at once, surface noise on a recording of the last quartets. There is a mild surprise ending, somewhat callous, somewhat brutal—yet tone mitigates its harshness wonderfully. We understand that style is meant to imply more than rustic slowness: restraint, British fair play, determination. We understand, as well, who the other innocent is.

A professional job, thrifty and unerring, if rather modest in its aims. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PARTIES: *The Real Opportunity for Effective Citizen Politics, by John S. Saloma III and Frederick H. Sontag (Knopf, 390 pp., $7.95).* MIT political scientist Saloma and public-affairs consultant Sontag have written an uncontentious, intelligently reasoned, optimistic book about the future of political parties in America. They are at pains to dissuade people from going the third-party route, although they rarely preach, and the main focus of their book is on revitalizing the Democratic and Republican parties. While partly a kind of guidebook for citizens anxious to Do Something in politics, *Parties* is also a most engaging analysis of why the two great organizations seem so often to be soiled beyond redemption. One of the authors (Saloma) is a founder and past president of the left-leaning Republican Ripon Society, which may account for the fact that liberal and left Republicans are invariably referred to as "moderate." But aside from that, the book does not play games with the reader, concentrating instead on a notably nonpartisan analysis. They obviously agree with Plunkitt of Tammany Hall, who long ago wrote that "if the parties go to pieces, the government they build must go to pieces, too." Giving due credit to the present Republican superiority over the Democrats in using sophisticated devices in politics, the authors urge the Democrats to catch up. They are by no means afraid of modern technology, and, wonder of wonders, even urge that *"the flow of money in politics must be increased"*! This notion shouldn't win them any friends among the hot-to-limit boys among our political reformers, but it indicates the freedom from Common Wisdoms that so gratifyingly infuses their book. They are especially generous in their appraisal of the organizational skills of conservatives, writing, for instance: "In contrast to the success of the conservative apparatus, the efforts of both Republican moderate and Democratic liberal citizen groups demonstrate many of the fundamental weaknesses of the citizen sector." *Parties* will win no prizes for exciting prose, but it is an honestly written and very sound study worthy of attention by people interested in making our political process work more effectively. D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE CHILDREN OF PRIDE: *A True Story of Georgia and the Civil War, edited by Robert Manson Myers (Yale, 1,845 pp., $19.95).* In the leisurely nineteenth-century fashion—and this is very much a nineteenth-century book—Professor Myers could have subtitled his monumental effort something in this wise: "Being the letters and extracts from the journals of the Rev. Charles Colcock Jones (1804-1863), his wife and children, and other relations and friends, from 1854 to 1868." But in the nineteenth century, it would have been a triple-decker (or more) and its circulation would probably have been limited to the adherents of the Lost Cause. Now, as we approach the last quarter of the twentieth century, it is conveniently (if heavily) put in one volume, and—if we are lucky—it will be read by those (whatever their predispositions) who are interested in learning about the roots from which today's society has grown. Doubtless a Presbyterian clergyman who deemed his calling to be that of Apostle to the Slaves was not an ordinary slaveholder, nor was his son, after the war a New York lawyer, in the common run of sons of the plantation. But through their letters and the letters of all the ramified family, we are privileged to glimpse a part of our history that stands in need of sympathetic appraisal as well as condemnation, unless history is to become handmaid to the Queen in *Alice* and shout ever more insistently "off with their heads." J. C. LOBDELL

HOW TO PREDICT THE 1972 ELECTION, *by Louis H. Bean (Quadrangle, 240 pp., $6.95).* The most interesting aspects of Mr. Bean's book are not so much concerned with the 1972 election as with elections in general. The man who predicted Truman's upset victory over Dewey in '48 has collected some fairly persuasive statistical evidence to back up his thesis that, in all but the most extraordinary of times, it is the bread-and-butter issues that clinch elections. Some useful

(Continues on page 967)

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Aye, There's the Rub

Sandwich signs, no less. Prostitution has come to that: a marketplace mentality. Photo-offset broadsides stuffed into your palm—if your hands are full, into your vest pocket, under your armpit. From Fiftieth Street to Forty-Second leaflets enough to repaper one living-room wall. A certain sameness: The Harem. The Sultan's Harem. Caesar's Harem. (Has Calpurnia heard about this?) They offer identical prospectuses: Relaxing Body Massage. Private Cubicle. Nude Models of All Nations. (At least one black "model" that means.) And outside the decrepit storefront, a sideshow barker, "Hey, fella. Come in and have a free look. Get a charge for no charge."

EIGHTH AVENUE teems. On a humid afternoon even the pavement is lubricious: One wants some sort of prophylaxis for the shoe soles. Third-story windows advertise pantomimes: ALL POSITIONS. For $5 you can play tic-tac-toe with fingerpaints on some bored woman's belly. Or watch a pornographic movie being made: not quite Universal City Studios, a mattress and one phony, filmless camera sputtering like a shorted neon sign. The homosexual movie houses charge double because they serve as social centers: Up and down the twilit aisles assignations are made, are carried out. But massage parlors have become the sensual go-go stock. They fruit like strawberry plants, putting out runners, rooting. They've spread to the East Side, downtown as well as through the garment district. They are brazen; and brazenness, it seems, is rewarded. Mayor Lindsay, with tin cup and pencils, has managed not to notice them.

Take The Harem, a venerable massage parlor on Eighth Avenue and Forty-Sixth. It's been open, unharassed, for more than a year now. Business is transacted at the rear of a seamy bookstore. But the magazine racks are more or less empty; big money is no longer made in pornography. Behind a heavy door four to six girls sprawl on cushions, all very pink, tinted by red spotlights. Some snore. Tired, no doubt: the place is open from noon to 2 A.M. They wear . . . well, Saran Wrap would be more efficient cover. One, I notice, is reading *The Happy Hooker*: A farmer likes a farmer story. The massage is $12 and, yes, tipping is allowed. This, I've been told, is the cant phrase: Once in a private cubicle you can haggle for pleasures with the masseuse of your choice.

And the girls surprise you: They're attractive, fresh. Not glamorous, of course, not hundred-a-night call girls, but very young—few are much over twenty. Secretarial school alumnae, perhaps: you see the same faces, gum-cracking, sassy, a bit thin in the muzzle, on the subway at a quarter to nine any weekday. Many are light-colored Puerto Ricans; some have just landed in the Big Apple from St. Louis or Des Moines. Relatively speaking the proportion of blacks is low, nicely integrated, one or two per parlor. Outside blacks make up at least 80 per cent of the peripatetic trade. The white streetwalker is an endangered species, aging, pocky. In The Harem a girl can take down $200 a night, seven days a week —very, very often on Sundays. And this without fallen arches, windburn, dry-cleaning bills. No withholding taxes either.

In The Harem your private cubicle is about the size of a Jones Beach bath locker. And just a bit less salubrious: at least you don't get athlete's foot from an unsterile toilet seat. One shelf/bed; white sheet, pillow. The man is required to undress completely. No hangers are provided: Clothing, I am told, crouches in the corner, a Halloween scarecrow of one's conscience. As expected the massage is laughable. Harem girls couldn't knead dough for a popover. They apply cloying Johnson's Baby Lotion as if their fingernails were still tacky with polish. An end to happy marriages right there: the sweet sick odor alone could be named a co-respondent in any divorce court. But the Johnson's bottle remains full. For a stiff price—$25 and up—other joys are available.

WHAT HAVE the authorities done? Well, a group of noted Broadway actors and actresses signed a petition requesting, begging that the area be cleaned up. In reply one spokesman said: "It's hard to get evidence of prostitution. The best we can do is check out health violations." Hard to get? Nonsense. Oh, $37 and a nasty bit of entrapment might be involved, but the parlors seem to be asking for it. I suppose Willie Sutton thought his local bank was a kind of entrapment. Some parlors have been shut because of sanitary violations, some few. One girl I interviewed said, yes, the Board of Health had been around. Yes, now they had to have clean sheets and a functional bathroom. "And there's a sign in the bathroom, too." She even showed me. EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS BEFORE LEAVING. Talk about putting teeth in the law . . .

The legitimate massage parlors were indignant. Under pressure a bill was passed in Albany. Net result: between The Harem and Massage Parlor there now appears the word (UNLICENSED). In case anyone entertained doubts. But maybe this is understandable. I overheard one vested, flower-in-buttonhole senior citizen. An attaché case jiggled nervously in his right palm. "Is it safe?" he asked. "I don't want to get rolled." "Look," the owner/pimp said, "don't worry. That's the thing the lieutenant insists on, no violence." And this while installment after installment of the Knapp Commission hearings were being televised, a legal *As the World Turns*.

Prostitution, I am told, is still illegal in New York City. Well . . . In time, it seems, all the smaller crimes of our forefathers have become respectable state monopolies. Maybe we need a

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new HEW agency, even a Cabinet post (Bella Abzug, Sec'y?). Let's get pensions and Social Security for the Harem girls. And another, possibly the largest, of McGovern's tax loopholes bunged up for good. Perhaps a referendum in November: then swinging New Yorkers could have two OTBs, Off Track Betting, Off Track Bedding. Meanwhile the law is made a fool. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Italian Moderns

"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," on view at the Museum of Modern Art till September 11, has been publicized as the largest and costliest ($1.5 million, contributed mainly by the Italian Ministry of Foreign Trade) exhibition ever held there. It is also (though this is not immediately apparent) an exercise in radical chic that makes Leonard Bernstein's party for the Black Panthers look like a church supper.

Ostensibly the show is a tribute—in fact, a well-deserved one—to the taste and ingenuity of Italian designers who, since the war, have ousted the Finns and the Danes from their former preeminence as purveyers of beautiful objects meant for daily use. This large-scale showing, comprising everything from typewriters to utopian blueprints for the 21st century, spectacularly installed and accompanied by television films, didactic labels, recorded lectures and a lavish catalog that weighs five pounds on my bathroom scale, overwhelms the viewer. It also makes a pretty good stab at brainwashing him.

The show is divided into three sections of which the first, devoted to "Objects," is presented in a reasonably straightforward manner: furniture, dishes, refrigerators, lamps and so on, in a variety of materials both real and synthetic, are arranged in large crate-like vitrines disposed in serried ranks on the terrace of the museum's garden. Some items recall the functionalism of the Bauhaus, some the elegancies of Art Nouveau; some display the gigantism of what in modern architecture is called "Style Brut." Many, especially chairs, tables and storage units, are multi-purposed, stackable, moveable or designed to look like something else (Murphy beds, for instance, are revived as ideal places of repose in cramped living quarters, a far cry from those rickety props of silent movies). Many items will be familiar to anyone who has been shopping for modern accessories recently, for Italy's designers have contributed much to that country's favorable balance of payments.

The exhibition's other two sections, "Design as Postulation" and "Counter-Design as Postulation," both were commissioned by the Museum especially for this show. In the first instance, designers were asked to create environments, "to explore the domestic landscape with a sense for its 'places,' and to propose the spaces and artifacts that give them form, the ceremonies and behaviors that assign them meaning . . . [paying] special attention . . . to the individual's need for spaces both of an adaptable and fixed nature, in which previously unrealized and unthought-of relationships might be openly expressed." The results of this high-sounding verbiage are a series of what we Americans rather contemptuously refer to as efficiency apartments and mobile homes, many ingeniously conceived and far more elegant than what we are used to but less radical than one might expect.

The most interesting of these environments is by Ettore Sottsass Jr., with moveable storage walls intended, he says, "as furniture from which we feel so detached . . . that it is of absolutely no importance to us . . . so that one can put on one's own house everyday as we don our clothes." In the accompanying Antonioni-like film by Massimo Magri, we see a girl nonchalantly pushing the walls around and showing their contents—toilet, sink, folding bed etc.—when suddenly she cringes in fear from a threatening youth: Blood streams down her face, her fists clench in horror, she screams. Whether or not this is intended to reveal the up-to-now unknown fact that modern design is no solution for crime and gore is nowhere stated—but the film provides an apt prelude to the exhibition's third section, "Counter-Design."

Displaying the work of those designers who, says the catalog, "despairing of effecting social change through design, regard their task as essentially a political one," "Counter-Design is a paean to destruction and revolution." "The right to go against a reality that lacks 'meaning' (because it is a reality produced by a system that is 'meaningless' in itself) is the right to act, modify, form and destroy the surrounding environment," says one contributor.

There is an irony in the fact that coincident with the opening of the Modern's tribute to Italian designers, uptown at the Metropolitan Museum you could see the photographic documentary, "Art and Landscape of Italy: Too Late To Be Saved?" showing the results of Italy's indifference to its natural and artistic heritage, whose deterioration has gone so far that experts doubt it can be arrested, even with international help. Flaking frescos, crumbling churches and castles, rampant erosion of once-fertile terracings abandoned by peasants seeking better jobs in industry; above all, a bureaucratic tangle which has resulted in $400 million raised under UNESCO sponsorship for the "Save Venice" campaign going unspent while the debate rages to as who is to control the money. Meantime, Venice continues to sink into its lagoons at the rate of two inches every fifteen years.

To the Counter-Designers, such a heartbreaking actuality is not only welcome, it is necessary. According to Superstudio, for instance, "design is merely an inducement to consume; objects are status symbols, the expressions of models proposed by the ruling class. Their progressive accessibility to the proletariat is part of a 'leveling' strategy designed to avoid the class struggle." We must work for "the destruction of the object," for in the world of the future "there will be no further need for cities or castles. There will be no further reason for roads or squares. Every point will be the same as any other."

If this sounds anarchistic, other Counter-Designers are rigid Marxists. Italy's housing shortage, for example, can be solved only "by attacking and

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defeating the capitalist organization of the territory together with the symbolic values that form it" so that—shades of Orwell!—there can be "flexible, adaptable . . . urban settlements controlled by computers."

FORTUNATELY for those of us who still retain some faith in the uses and values of the past, all these statements are so long and turgidly written as to be not only boring but nearly incomprehensible: On my two visits, people who seemed fascinated with "Objects" and "Environments" gave "Counter-Design" short shrift, hardly bothering to listen to the long recorded statement in which Mr. Ambasz summed up what the visitor was supposed to think. More curious is the fact that so far as I am aware, none of the many critics who reviewed the show even mentioned the Communist proselytizing. Perhaps they take for granted the imminence of revolution, perhaps they fear being labeled McCarthyites. But I prefer to believe that by the time they got to the Counter-Design section, they were worn out. □

MUSIC

BRAD EVANS

Thousands Flee!

On September 5 of this year John Cage will be sixty years old, and it becomes increasingly obvious that—far from being merely the paragon of avant-garde music in this country—he, in perhaps the truest sense, mirrors America's conception of herself (at least in the realm of creativity in music).

Cage is a creature of the absence (or tenuousness) of standards—the formal father and de facto son of randomness.

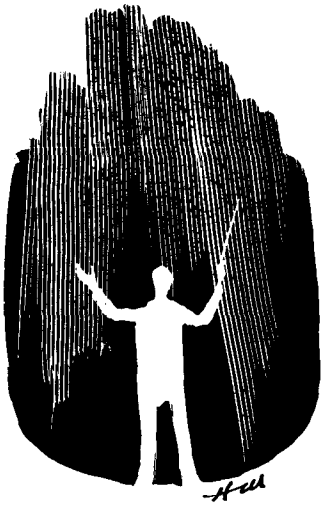
It would be a facile explanation, probably, to maintain that Cage has simply reduced his orientalized concepts of music to their logical conclusions. Under the influence of Indian beliefs, Oriental philosophy (and likely something Turkish as well), Cage got it into his head that the high function of music is to quiet the mind of the listener, so he can enjoy "divine influences." In the words of Melvin Berger: "Cage realized that this could not happen as long as composers used music to express their own personal feelings and emotions. The composer had to remove his personality from the music."

An advanced distillation of this would be his *Imaginary Landscape No. 4*, which he wrote for twelve radios—each "played" by two performers," one on the dial, the other on volume. (One of the problems with aleatory music is that the gamble, as with this one, can result in having the piece "done" last on an evening program, when all the stations are off the air.) There is, to be charitable, some "divine influence" in static and energetic messages from sunbursts.

An even more advanced technique is found in *4'33"* . . . of silence—divided into movements (of silence) of 30", 2'23" and 1'40". David Ewen relates a lecture on avant-garde music during which John Green announced he would present *4'33"*, reproduced on tape. After a minute and a half (of silence), Green shut off the tape machine and commented: "You will notice that I played only one and a half minutes of this strange composition, but [he assured them] that is because I have done some very careful editing."

To illustrate Cage's egregious influence, we read Herbert Stein in the *New York Times* (his report on a composition for a festival of avant-garde music in 1965): "The opening consisted of the composer doing an action painting with black paint applied by both hands and hair entitled *Homage to Cage*. After that, one of the upright pianos was smashed, eggs were broken, and roars came from loudspeakers through electronic means. This was followed by nails being driven into one of the pianos, with Mr. Paik [the composer] cutting his hair, with bedecking several men and women with strips of shaving cream, with cutting off the tie and shirt of one man with a scissors. The high point of the performance came when Charlotte Moorman played the cello. She played *Variations on a Theme by Saint-Saëns*, wearing as her dress a costume consisting solely of a cellophane sheath. While she played, the composer held the end pin of the cello in his teeth. Midway in the performance of Saint-Saëns' *The Swan*, Miss Moorman climbed a six-foot ladder and jumped into an oil drum filled with water. Then she climbed out, her cellophane sheath clinging to her body, to complete the playing of *The Swan*."

Without meaning to be unnecessarily critical, isn't this a bit absurd? Of course, that is the central corollary of dadaism (neodadaism, if you want to be chronological). And without seeming to be too didactic, isn't this significant of more than the eccentric perver-



sities of some random madman? It could be the eccentric perversities of many, many madmen, crystallized in lunatic music. But how many madmen, and how mad—that's a frightening prospect if you're not used to it.

One wishes—though it is rueful to have to wish another laceration on that bedeviled body—that Cage had followed (as he once considered) the footsteps of his grandpappy and become a Methodist minister. Or maybe it doesn't make any difference.

One thing is sure: As September 5 comes closer we will hear more of that arch-avant-gardiste John Cage. He has already "composed" a sort of memorial piece for himself. He went to four places in New York recently and, holding up his microphone to take in the environmental sound, had four "movements" to share with his listeners.

NEW YORK now has what Mayor Lindsay describes as the toughest anti-noise-pollution regulations in the nation, but I suppose it is too much to hope that they will extend to this "music." The standards of musical composition certainly haven't proved regulatory to concertos for brake drums, empty bottles, rattles, pails, buzzers, baubles, bangles, beads and prepared piano.

And while many of us will agree that this doesn't even approximate Real Music, the important question is: Is John Cage a Real American? □

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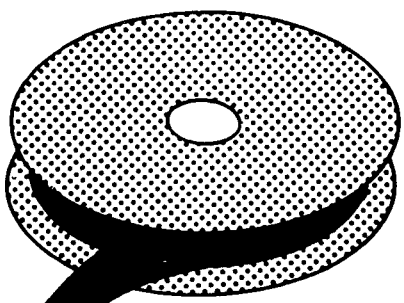
BURNHAM
(Continued from page 950)

tax machine, in reality it will become the balancing entry in state and local budgets. And if the currently appropriated funds appear insufficient to make the budget balance, local officials will tell their constituents: "We are working in Washington to get the rest." So much for the New Federalism.

The same line of reasoning applies to welfare reform. How realistic is it to suppose that politicians in Washington will sit idly by after a few well-publicized welfare recipients blow their semi-annual or monthly cash grant on a glorious spree and leave their families without money for the rent or groceries? The single cash grant concept of welfare reform—even if it were legislated into existence—would last no more than six months.

There is a special lesson in these two sorry episodes for conservative intellectuals. Those who would venture forth from the pages of academic journals with fine-sounding theoretical proposals for political and economic reform are under an obligation to imagine what changes the legislative process may work on the best of intentions. If the President could not eliminate the jobs of a half-dozen tea tasters, was it reasonable to suppose that the Congress would eliminate all or even one of the 26 federally funded income-transfer programs currently in operation? It is a cop-out to plead that the intellectual's responsibility is only to the intrinsic merits of his proposal. Once the proposal is launched into the political arena it becomes susceptible to the marvelous transformations of that process, and those responsible for the original launching must bear a heavy responsibility for the ultimate outcome.

Like the President, who has reportedly lost his initial enthusiasm for welfare "reform"—but who is too heavily committed to the original idea to oppose the current version openly—revenue-sharing and welfare reform have now lost their charm for most conservatives. Once again the lesson is retold: Those who would rely upon good government to translate good intentions into good works will more likely than not end up making a bad situation worse. And this time the lesson has proven to be one of the costliest ever: $30 billion for revenue-sharing over the next five years and even more than that for welfare "reform." □



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LETTERS
(Continued from page 931)

Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. But to pick on Boris Spassky personally is an insult to one of the few Soviet public personalities who have had the fortitude to speak out against the dehumanizing behavior and policies of the Soviet government.

Boston, Mass. ANTHONY SERAFINI

J. J. Kilpatrick aborted his article on the Democratic Convention with his reference to Bobby Fischer as the "Schmuck of the Century." One might expect such derogatory remarks in a left-wing journal concerning anyone who outwits a Russian, but I didn't expect such an insult to be published in *NR*. Perhaps JJK doesn't believe Bobby Fischer was entitled to compensation for playing chess? Or was $250,000 just too much? Or perhaps one is not allowed to object to TV cameras distracting him?

Antioch, Calif. PAUL M. GEARY

The Admirable Crichton

John R. Coyne Jr. ["Books," June 23] expressed his anxiety that Michael Crichton, the author of *The Andromeda Strain*, might prove to be a one-novel author.

Before the appearance of *Andromeda*, the admirable Crichton had published five novels: four as "John Lange," one as "Jeffrey Hudson." And so far as material goes, sf writers, mostly awful, at least make evident the wealth of scientific material that lends itself to fiction.

Worthington, Mass. F. P. GRADY

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WAGNER

(Continued from page 951)

tirely sympathetic to it. Whitey has had his inning in the club too long. Blacks and females ought to be given a leg up the ladder for past injustices and one welcomes their faces at faculty meetings, where, when they don't simply come in to walk out, almost anything they say these days is listened to with the reverence usually accorded some guru. However, it is merely repeating past errors to break up the ladder in the process and smash in the heads of those placed lowest on it (now Other Whites) with its rungs. Obviously HEW policy is making for a silly stampede to hire teachers by ethnic rather than by academic standards; the resultant lowering of quality will most hurt the upcoming minorities when they need skilled help the most.

The humbug can be seen at its ripest in a byproduct of the malady. You may not check out a person's skin hue, yet, but you can his language. The New York State Civil Service Department has sent out a job circular requiring candidates for state prison counselors to have "ethnic identification with the black or Spanish-speaking communities." The New York City school system is trying to implement a bilingual system for teacher licenses, giving applicants with Spanish or Chinese language ability exonerative tests, on the basis that their special abilities would help preserve desirable ethnicity in their pupils and improve classroom communication generally. Yet we know that this admirable intention is another "liberal" lapel button: A Cuban candidate was rejected as a Spanish teacher for Puerto Rican children while at my own college a highly liberal teacher of Spanish origin (i.e., from Spain) came under irate fire from militant Puerto Rican groups on campus, though any Spanish speaker will tell you that the Puerto Rican is the least lovely, and least attractive, patois of that noble tongue. To teach children Pennsylvania Dutch, or Scots Doric, in lieu of current English would be deliberately to handicap them, by linguistic maiming.

The trend to use skin color as criterion rather than competence has its contagions. My wife Colleen Browning built up some reputation in numerous exhibitions of black subjects, to the extent that a few years ago *Time* Magazine said of her latest show that no one had painted Harlem with more

(Continues on page 969)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 962)

light is also cast on the two-edged religious issue, which, Mr. Bean contends, worked to the advantage of John Kennedy in 1960. Less mention is made of the "Cook County Factor," which played at least as important a role. As an antidote to some of the ideologically slanted works that have come out in recent years touting philosophies of the Right and the Left, this little volume is most effective. It reminds us that most voters, most of the time, operate on an earthy mixture of instinct, hunch and force of habit, responding to only two or three basic stimuli. The variations may be great, but the themes, and cyclical patterns, are few. For the shorter view, Mr. Bean is less effective. Writing a year before the '72 election, he paid little attention to McGovern (Who did not in those blissful days?) and so comes off rather poorly. He does, however, point up the inherent, if concealed, vulnerability of an incumbent Republican President whose party remains a very weak number two, and he warns against GOP complacency, a refrain that has been taken up by some worried Republicans themselves.

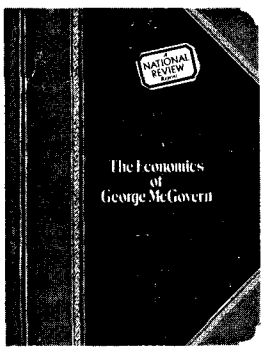
A. BAKSHIAN JR.

MODERNIZING RACIAL DOMINATION: *South Africa's Political Dynamics, by Heribert Adam (Univ. of California Press, 203 pp., $8).* Eschewing moral indignation as content, Professor Adam devotes himself to a close analysis of South Africa. Like Eugene Genovese, he is an undogmatic Marxist, making no bones about his preference for an eventual South African socialism, with total redistribution of the wealth (he does not, incidentally, pay much heed to the desideratum of productivity to keep the cornucopia filled). And he shares what he calls "universal" values, like one-man one-vote. Withal, he is realistic. He dismisses liberal pietism as an exercise in self-gratification. He is blunt about facets of the complex population relationships seldom mentioned: the hostility of whites and Africans toward the Indians; the unwillingness of Indians and Coloureds to see a black dictatorship replace a white one. He dismisses out of hand an internal South African revolution or an external war against South Africa. And instead of the usual ritual condemnation of apartheid, he sees the dynamics of political separation (the homelands) and economic integration as providing the only practical *point d'appui* for upward mobility among the Africans and for eventual political bargaining from strength. No less brilliant and thought provoking is his examination of the booming economy in its effects on the Afrikaners, shaking loose rigid patterns of thought and behavior, and on the Africans, Coloureds and Indians, creating rising living standards and real stakes in evolutionary change.

E. B. MEYER

McGovern's Economics

This pamphlet tells you where McGovern really stands on taxation, welfare reform, defense spending—and how his proposals would affect you!



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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Arthur Krock:

[MEMOIRS: SIXTY YEARS] ON THE FIRING LINE.

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WAGNER

(Continued from page 967)

sympathy. She was chosen to illustrate many black books, including Doubleday's Zenith series aimed at revaluating Negro figures of the past. Yet the other day a letter came from a publisher stating that since she did not physically possess black skin, she could not be considered for a new book by a black author (whose previous award-winning effort she had shared). You could take such a letter to the various anti-bias bureaus about but you wouldn't get very far with it, beyond making an enemy for life of the editor concerned. Though her face does not appear on these books (and in the case of jacket work sometimes not even her name), yet her skin is white and she is tainted. Imagine applying this principle to other products, from soap to cereals. Wherever the despised white hand has touched them, they are suspect. Blake got his verse mixed up. As the present crop of academic petitioners approach the job tables, cap in hand, they can be heard chanting,

"And I am Other White,
but O, my soul is Black!" □

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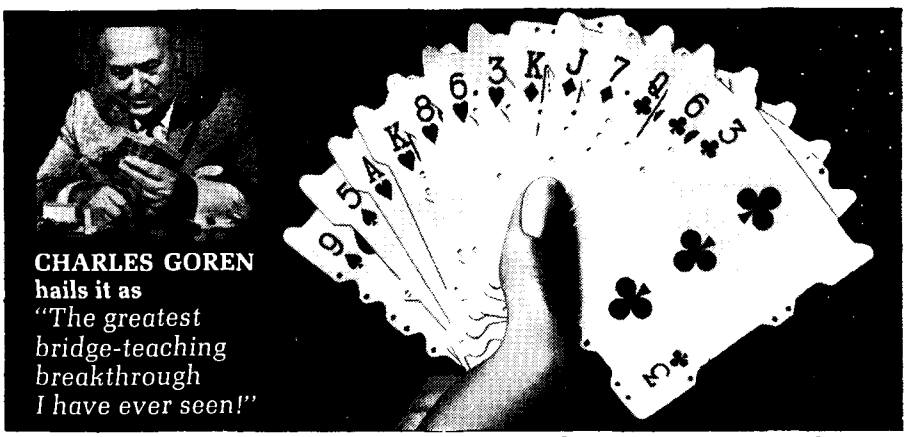

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Israel and American Policy

On The Right

New York, Aug. 8—In 1967, when Israel was threatened and the Six-Day War resulted, prominent American liberals paused in their clamor to get us out of the Southeast Asian imbroglio, to clamor, in a highly publicized declaration, for getting us into the Mideast imbroglio, causing Professor John Roche of Brandeis to remark wryly that their manifesto should have been labeled "Doves for War." They got quite sore at Professor Roche, fussily insisting on the distinction between independence for the people of South Vietnam and independence for the people of Israel. What it came down to was pure and simple that where Israel is concerned, the encroaching demands for a reticent American international profile do not apply. John Kenneth Galbraith, a leading philosopher of neo-isolationism, confronting the paradox on television in Miami Beach during the McGovern Convention, said simply and honestly, "I confess I have a special affection for Israel."

Indeed, a lot of us do. Not only for reasons of compassion that reach into history, ancient and horribly contemporary. But because there is so much in the behavior of the leaders of the modern state of Israel that we need to learn from. Israel long ago took the measure of her security requirements and—acted accordingly. The United Nations counts it a day lost that it does not pass a resolution of censure against Israel; and Israel simply does not care. Interestingly, but not surprisingly, she is not on that account either ostracized or disdained by other nations of the world (the Arab states obviously excepted). Neither would the United States be—it is my conjecture—if we had behaved, for instance in Indochina, as decisively as Israel would have done. If General Dayan had managed our war against Hanoi, that too would have been a six-day war.

Senator McGovern now advances the contradiction quite formally, by proposing a total American commitment to Israeli independence alongside an all but uniform disparagement of United States commitments to other countries, most particularly South Vietnam, to which we have for years made quite fervent commitments. McGovern likes to point to Israeli democracy as his justification, but this of course is disingenuous. After all, he is quoted as desiring to recognize the "legitimate" government of China—while angrily disavowing the government of South Vietnam. The problem is to reason from the legitimacy of Mao Tse-tung's government, on over to the illegitimacy of President Thieu's. Never mind. Better to be straightforward like Galbraith, and say simply that Israel occupies a "special" place in the American heart. While you are at it, be even more straightforward than Galbraith. Recognize that on top of that special affection, a U.S. pledge to Israeli independence is for the time being necessary for anyone who aspires to be President, for the simple reason that the strategically situated Jewish community is for the most part very generous in backing political causes, and very insistent on the matter of Israeli independence.

EVEN SO, and notwithstanding Senator McGovern's protestations of fidelity to the cause of Israel, many Jewish leaders have confessed their concern. They do so for quite obvious reasons. One of them is that the preceding leader of the Democratic Party, Mr. Lyndon Johnson, wrote into policy his entire dedication to the survival of South Vietnam. So did his coadjutor, Hubert Humphrey. In due course, however, Hubert Humphrey, running for the Presidency, not only renounced that pledge, he went so far as to say that if he were elected President he would not authorize a dollar's worth of military aid for South Vietnam.

As it has gone for South Vietnam among the leadership of the Democratic Party, so might it go for Israel. Why not? The fear among prominent Jewish leaders in America, and in Israel, is that the logic of George McGovern's foreign policy and his insistence on military retrenchment point to an eventual Vietnamization of all our commitments. Professor Galbraith's heart is admittedly large, but it is not necessarily co-extensive with the heart of Middle America, and it is just possible that Senator McGovern's glamorous rhetoric about the end of the cold war, and about the necessity to reduce our international commitments, will in due course strike the majority of Americans as a mandate to get the hell out of the Mideast and let Israel worry about her own sovereignty. What holds for Saigon today holds, mutatis mutandis, for Tel Aviv tomorrow. □

ISRAEL AS 51ST STATE?

New York, Aug. 10—I have remarked the uneasy intellectual position of Senator McGovern and his supporters, who are committed to a course of withdrawal from the United States commitments generally, with however the exception of Israel. My feeling is that the contradiction cannot hope to survive indefinitely. The Jewish community in Israel, and indeed in the United States, cannot reasonably suppose that an American public finally persuaded by George McGovern that we should consider the cold war ended, will fail to act on the consequences of that assumption. We will have no grounds for maintaining a formidable military establishment geared to international responsibilities. Inevitably, the implications of retrenchment are bound to hit the American people as demanding, evenhandedly, a withdrawal from any commitment to sustain Israel, at the risk of re-igniting the cold war or participating in a regional war.

Unless, of course, we see in our relationship to Israel something truly unique, something that should be cemented against the vagaries of public passion. Count me as among those who do. The creation of the state of Israel, for all that I acknowledge the enormous vitality and dedication of the settlers themselves, could not have been accomplished without the sanction of the United States Government. The survival of the fledgling state of Israel could not have been achieved without the assistance of the American Government and a community of generous Americans totally devoted to the cause of Israel.

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The survival of Israel in the 1967 war, once again acknowledging the bravery and ingenuity of the Israeli army, could not have been effected save for the neutralization of the Soviet Union by armed American military might.

It would appear sensible, under the circumstances, to regularize—to institutionalize—what appears to be a de facto relationship between the United States and the state of Israel, as an alternative to permitting it to end by attrition, as an inevitable consequence of the foreign policy of George McGovern.

As things now stand, we suffer most of the disadvantages, and enjoy none of the advantages, of separate nationhood. Why should we not propose to Israel annexation, as the 51st American state?

What would we have to lose?

If we are in any case committed to Israeli survival, as most political parties insist we are, pending that change in public attitude we speak of, then we would go to war in any case if Israel's sovereignty were threatened.

Israel is geographically remote? It isn't any further from Washington than Alaska and Hawaii. And anyway, when we incorporated Alaska and Hawaii, we recognized that geographical contiguity, in the jet age, has become irrelevant.

A language barrier? Ask Switzerland how insupportable that is. Anyway, Senator Robert Kennedy insisted, and won his point, that Spanish-speaking New Yorkers should be permitted to vote. Why not Hebrew-speaking Americans?

IF ISRAEL'S foreign policy were written in Washington, the Arab countries' fear of Israeli expansionism would end. We could begin by giving back to Egypt, and to Jordan, most of the territories conquered during the 1967 war, and retained by Israel, as Israeli officials have repeatedly assured us, for reasons of military defense only. If Israel becomes part of the United States, there is no further question of attacking the state of Israel—as well attack the city of Chicago.

The net result would be the introduction of a genuine state of serenity to the Arab region. That would all but eliminate tensions in the area, making Soviet efforts to finance and provision anti-Israeli expeditions fruitless, and incidentally providing us, at the eastern point of the Mediterranean, naval and military facilities as truly our own as the Norfolk Naval Base and the SAC base in Omaha.

Would Israel object? Some Israelis unquestionably would, though not all by any means, provided we affirmed our dedication to states' rights, and pledged a constitutional amendment to modify the harsh restrictions against the public practice of religion improvised by the Warren Court. In any case, the people of Israel should consider the proposal. And meanwhile Americans should be asked, by the two candidates for President in the forthcoming election, to declare themselves on a 51st state. An annexation resolution should be introduced in Congress, and a national debate should begin. Put me down in favor. □

JULIAN BOND RUNNETH OVER

New York, Aug. 12—I have never understood how it came to be that it is to dignify the black people of America to suggest that they should all vote the Democratic ticket. From way back, the enemy of the blacks has been the stereotype: the notion of the undifferentiated black—the cotton picker or houseman, Tom or Joe, no last name given because no last name is thought necessary, there being nothing in particular to distinguish between Tom and Joe.

Along comes Mr. Julian Bond, the young black legislator from Georgia, working himself into quite a pitch of excitement at the suggestion that there are Negroes who plan to vote for Richard Nixon in the fall. Black Republicans, he says, are "political prostitutes." And those black Republican leaders who lately urged blacks to vote either for Nixon or to stay at home "are the willing accomplices of the fascist forces in America who believe the only good black voter is one who does not vote."

Now Mr. Bond is not renowned for precision of speech, or charity of sentiment. But there is no alternative than to examine closely the statement in question.

Obviously anyone who is for Nixon desires that other people will, next November, vote for Nixon. There is nothing inherently wrong with that, surely. What is it they hope people who can't bring themselves to vote for Nixon will do? Why, obviously, that they will stay at home.

Now if one is addressing people in the context of a particular affinity: farmer to farmer, say; or banker to banker; or Irish to Irish, Californian to Californian, black to black, it is characteristic that one's rhetoric should slide into what us-folks should do or not do concerning the problems of farmers, or bankers, or Irish, or Californians, or blacks. There is nothing in the least unusual, therefore, about a black leader who is Republican advertising the benefits to black people who are not Republicans of staying home rather than voting for McGovern. What I want to know is: What's fascist about that?

Julian Bond has been living by the sword for quite a while now. He pronounced American virtue quite dead upon the assassination of Martin Luther King, for which we were all to blame, remember? (By the way, how come nobody has said that we were all to blame for the attempted assassination of George Wallace?) Presumably there was just enough virtue left in America to re-elect Julian Bond to the Georgian assembly a couple of times since his dismissal of America. In the apex of madness in 1968, Eldridge Cleaver was denouncing Julian Bond as a "pig," a pig being defined, in Cleaver Usage, as anyone who cooperates with the System. Cleaver's use of language at the expense of Bond is no looser than Bond's use of language at the expense of Negro Republicans.

BUT the larger question, for black Republicans or black Democrats, is whether it is altogether dignified to call on them to vote for or against Nixon in their capacity as black men and black women. By doing so they surely encourage the survival of the stereotype.

As black men, they have something in common. But surely what they have in common—the color of their skin—is much less binding than what makes them, as individuals, different human beings, with differing views on what is best for America, for their communities, for their families, and for themselves. In times of total oppression against a people of any single race or creed, they can band together to assert primary allegiances, declaring themselves first, say, as Christian, as was done in Rome many centuries ago; or as Jew, as was appropriate in Nazi Germany only a few decades ago. But it is neither true that the black people of America today are a people persecuted in the sense we speak of. Nor is it by any means obvious that if one contends that they are persecuted, using the word metaphorically, that the Democratic Party is the obvious instrument of their deliverance. My own feeling is that no Negro Republican has in recent weeks said anything quite so inimical to the interests of Negro Americans as Mr. Bond has done. If I were a Negro I would ask him please to stop addressing me in tones quite so hortatory; indeed, come to think of it, as a fellow American, I tender to him the same request, in behalf of other fellow Americans. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Automobiles for welfare recipients — 5 12 67 97 105 128 137 144 167 201 8

B. Impoverished — 7 148 9 50 37 205 164 106

C. One who deals with welfare recipients — 72 13 34 52 170 174 204 6 21 60

D. A woman who is not married to a job—or is she? — 83 129 140 177 192 3 123 202 169

E. A city in Sao Paulo state, Brazil — 113 141 187 126 168

F. A beach in Delaware — 130 120 92 136 20 55 114 107

G. What both taxpayers and reliefers have — 149 23 28 77 80 99 118 134 154 157

H. Contemporary — 161 56 51 87 145 38

I. He sometimes does well at bridge — 1 4 19 25 61

J. An opening through which fluid enters an enclosure — 195 109 150 27 176 142

K. A Greek historian (434?-?355 B.C.) — 185 166 124 155 180 194 59 153

L. A university founded in 1870 — 189 171 62 74 94 178 24 64 186

M. Unscramble AKRON ASH — 198 90 133 96 78 156 88 190

N. The operation of combining numbers so as to obtain an equivalent simple quantity — 203 71 57 39 188 115 160 122

O. The usually rounded edge of a stair tread that projects over the riser — 22 18 31 36 70 17

P. A famous Irishman — 10 119 196 29 40

Q. What a watch contains — 143 32 100 158 82

R. What some people get rich from fighting — 46 163 49 101 175 111 182

S. A vessel moved by propulsion (elbow grease) — 30 172 199 66 197 181 183

T. Illegally in advance of the ball or puck — 48 54 58 116 42 81 138

U. Unscramble CROOK IS LAW — 63 2 95 108 121 73 173 179 47 146

V. Its weird spelling makes it difficult to get rid of — 193 104 85 165 125 11

W. Covered in a certain way — 68 16 53 76 84 131 135 151 162 35

X. Marked by a careless unconventionality — 91 147 43 139 15 127 112

Y. The area inclosed by a racetrack — 93 33 89 44 152 98 117

Z. An expression of conviction — 103 191 159 45 184 132 200 102 86

a. A long knife common among Muslims — 41 65 75 79 110 26 69 14

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 968 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 I	2 U		3 D	4 I	5 A	6 C		7 B	8 A		9 B	10 P	11 V	12 A	13 C	14 a	15 X
16 W	17 O		18 O	19 I		20 F	21 C	22 O	23 G	24 L	25 I	26 a		27 J		28 G	29 P	30 S	31 O
32 Q	33 Y	34 C		35 W	36 O	37 B	38 H	39 N	40 P	41 a		42 T	43 X		44 Y	45 Z		46 R	47 U
48 T	49 R	50 B	51 H	52 C	53 W		54 T	55 F	56 H	57 N		58 T	59 K	60 C		61 I	62 L	63 U	
64 L	65 a	66 S	67 A	68 W		69 a	70 O	71 N		72 C	73 U	74 L	75 a	76 W	77 G	78 M		79 a	80 G
81 T		82 Q	83 D	84 W	85 V	86 Z	87 H	88 M		89 Y	90 M	91 X		92 F	93 Y	94 L		95 U	96 M
97 A	98 Y	99 G	100Q	101R	102Z		103Z	104V	105A		106B	107F	108U	109J	110a		111R	112X	113E
114F		115N	116T		117Y	118G	119P	120F	121U	122N	123D	124K	125V		126E	127X		128A	129D
130F		131W		132Z	133M	134G		135W	136F		137A	138T	139X	140D	141E	142J		143Q	144A
145H	146U		147X	148B	149G		150J	151W	152Y	153K		154G	155K		156M	157G	158Q		159Z
160N	161H	162W	163R	164B	165V		166K	167A	168E	169D		170C	171L	172S		173U	174C	175R	176J
177D		178L	179U		180K	181S	182R		183S	184Z	185K	186L	187E		188N	189L		190M	191Z
192D	193V		194K	195J	196P		197S	198M		199S	200Z	201A	202D	203N	204C	205B			

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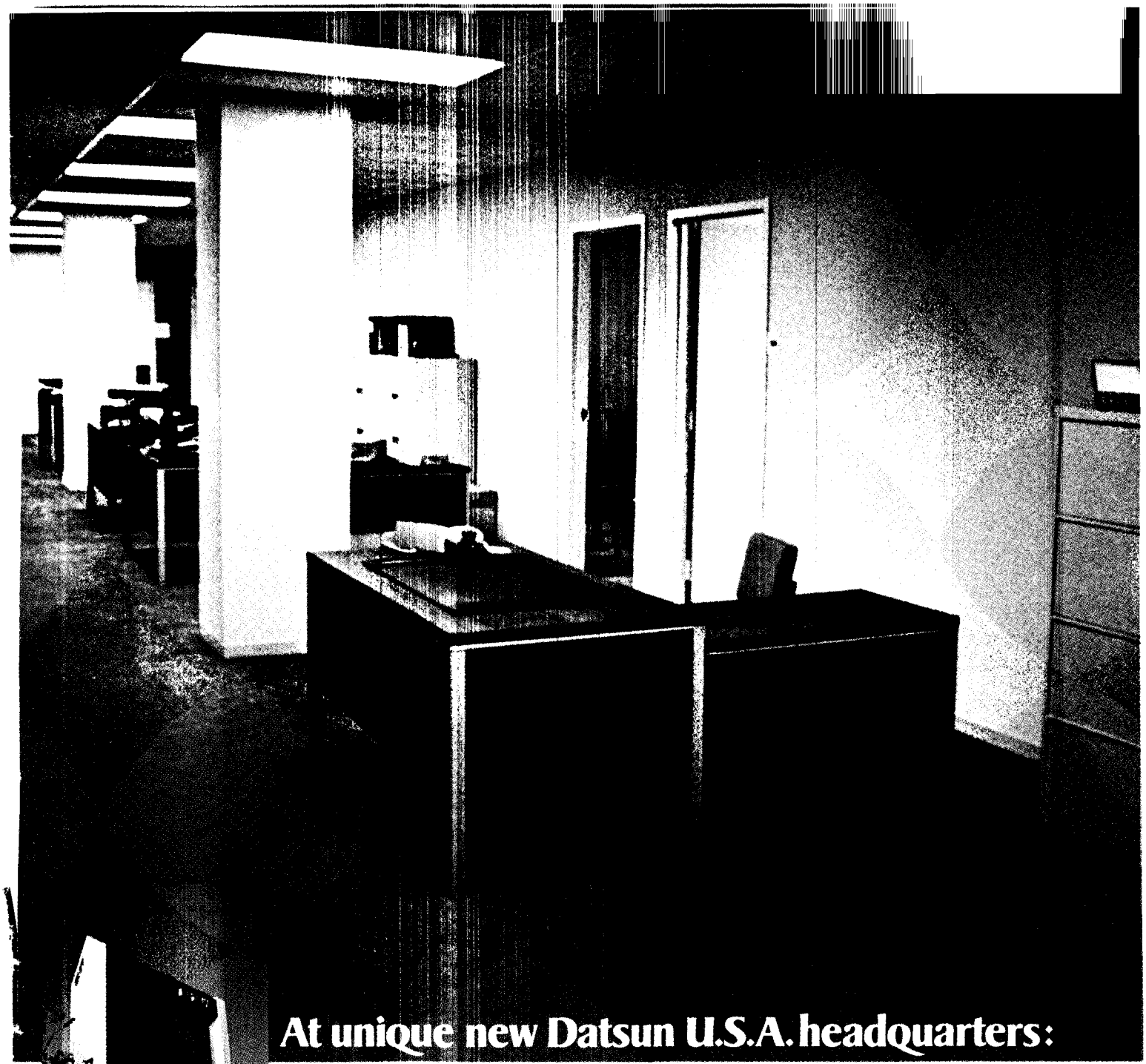

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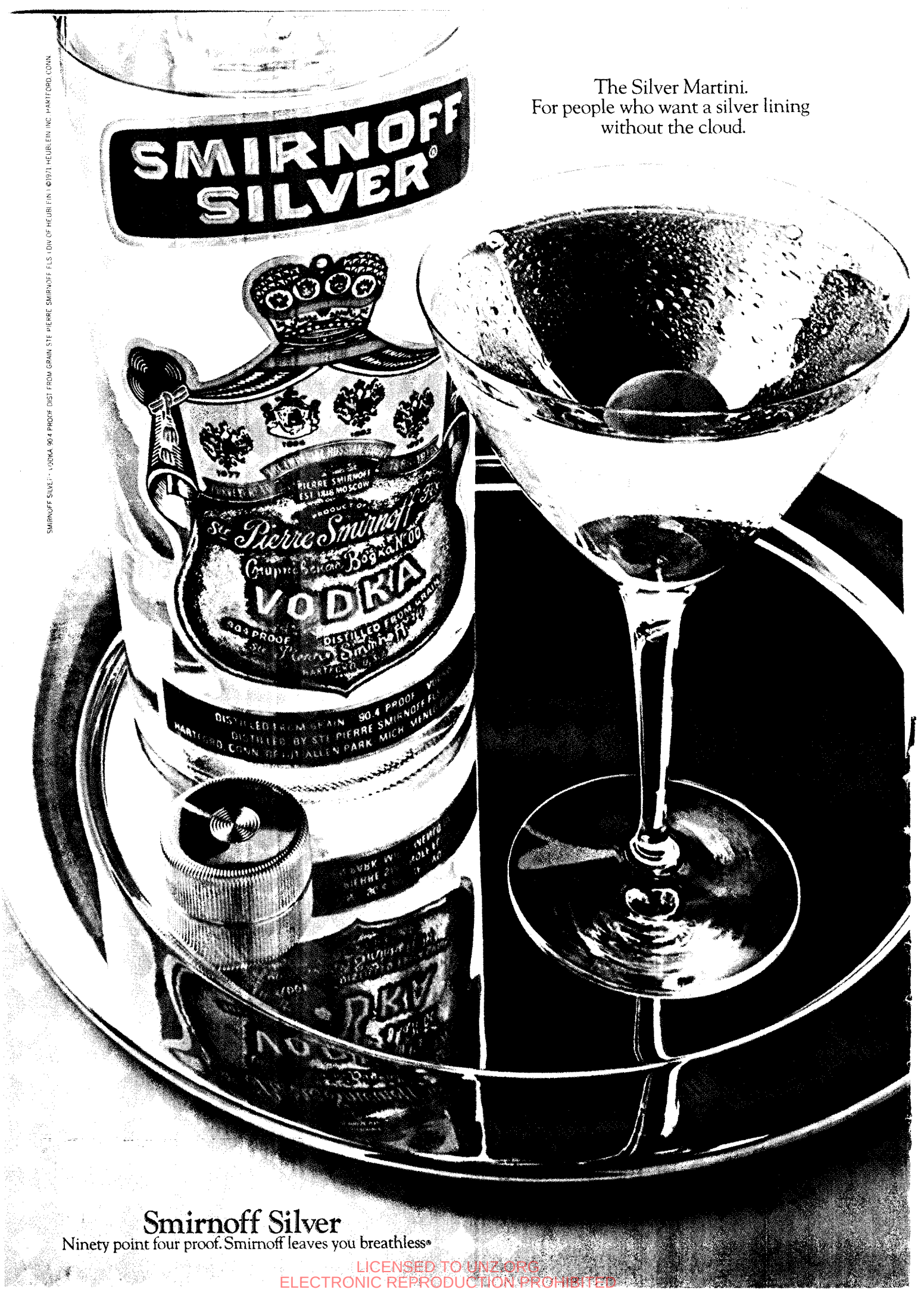
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